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March 1918

The Black Cat

Clever Short Stories

Sarah Bernhardt

"THE DIVINE SARAH"

The World's Most Noted Actress

Sends Nuxated Iron

To the French Soldiers to Help Give Them Strength, Power and Endurance

General Gibson Says It Should Be Used By Every Soldier Who Goes To The Front—That He Himself is Hale and Hearty In His 91st Year, He Attributes Largely To His Recent Use of Nuxated Iron—

Dr. H. B. Vail. formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital, Former Health Commissiner Wm. R. Kerr and others give valuable advice and information on the use of Nuxated Iron as a tonic, strengh and blood builder.

"What every soldier most needs is tremendous "stay there" strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron"—says Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner. "A large quantity of this valuable product was sent to the French soldiers by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. I took Nuxated Iron myself to build me up after a serious case of nervous exhaustion. The effects were apparent after a few days, and within three weeks it had virtually revitalized my whole system and put me in a superb physical condition.'

If General Gibson's advice were followed and every soldier who goes to the front carried a package of Nuxated Iron in his kit, I am sure that the men would not only be better, stronger fighters, but that we would have far less sickness in the Army and much less work for the Red Cross and Army Hospitals to do. Time and again I have prescribed organic iron—Nuxated Iron—and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality.

General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847, when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico, and that he attributes the fact that he is hale and hearty in his 91st year, after an active military life with service in both the Mexican and Civil Wars largely to his recent use of this wonderful product.

Another remarkable case is that of General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg. General Gordon says: "When I became badly run down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different 'so-called tonics' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result, I started taking Nuxated Iron, and within a month it had roused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me an endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

Former Health Commissioner of Chicago Wm. R. Kerr said: "As Health Commissioner of the City of Chicago, I was importuned many times to recommend different medicines, mineral waters, etc. Never yet have I gone on record as favoring any particular remedy. But in the case of Nuxated Iron, I feel an exception should be made to the rule. From my experience with it, I feel that it is such a valuable remedy that it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country, and if my endorsement shall induce anæmic, nervous, run-down men and women to take Nuxated Iron and receive the wonderful tonic benefits which I have received, I shall feel greatly gratified that I made an exception to my life-long rule in recommending it."

Dr. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied both in this country and great European Medical Institutions, said: "If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down, instead of dosing themselves with habit forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that in this way they could ward off disease, preventing it becoming organic in thousands of cases, and thereby the lives of thousands might be saved who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, kidney, liver, heart trouble and other dangerous maladies. Thousands of people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained."

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, which is so strongly endorsed by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, the world's most noted actress, and which has been used with such surprising results by Generals Gibson and Gordon, and former Health Commissioner Kerr of Chicago, and which is prescribed and recommended by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine, nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any Charitable Institution if they cannot take any man or woman under sixty who lacks iron and increase their strength 100 per cent. or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

The Black Cat

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THE BLACK CAT CLUB

MR. MACGREGOR JENKINS, publisher of the *Atlantic*, writing of the "endless discussion of the intricacies of literary art," said: "I would not have the remotest interest in a six hundred page volume on *ut* with the ablative in Plautus. This to my humble way of thinking is not literature; it is chemistry or higher mathematics."

Let us say that it is higher mathematics or metaphysics, for chemistry, the literary kind of chemistry in which members of the BLACK CAT CLUB like to dabble, is far from being so distasteful to contemplate as *ut* with the ablative in Plautus. Members do more than chirp and expand over their literary muffins. They rush for the test tubes and analyze, and when they find one that they consider eminently satisfactory, they frequently indulge in speculation regarding the probability of that muffin, or story, being mentioned by some master chemist like Mr. Edward J. O'Brien of the Boston *Transcript*.

Mr. O'Brien, as many members will recall, is the one who undertakes to select annually the best stories published in American periodicals. Necessarily he must spend a great deal of time in the short story laboratory. Last year he read about sixteen hundred stories, applying to each two tests. The first he calls the test of substance, the second the test of form. Any story that survived either of these tests was included in his list of the best stories of the year. Stories that survived both tests were entitled to special distinction, and from that group he selected for republication certain stories that appealed to him personally. In 1916, the BLACK CAT published one story believed to be of permanent literary value. In 1917, Mr. O'Brien found no story in the BLACK CAT worthy of a place on his 'Roll of Honor," but of stories that survived one test or the other and were therefore entitled to be placed with the year's crop of best stories, he found a greater number than in any previous year. The following stories were listed in his review. Two of them were reprints.

(R) A Thousand Deaths *by Jack London*, January.

Shad's Windfall *by Ramsey Benson*, March.

Their Piece of Art *by Louis Schneider*, March.

The Chink *by Raymond Richards*, March.

The Clod *by John Berry*, April.

The Epic of Old Cark *by Horace J. Simpson*, April.

The Terrible Brink *by Archibald Rutledge*, April.

(R) The Female of the Species *by David A. Wasson*, April.

Thanks to the Cape Cod Finn *by Charles Boardman Hawes*, May.

Fuzz *by Joe Bledsoe*, May.

The Law of the Abalone *by Chart Pitt*, July.

The Woman With the Odd Neck *by Ben Hecht*, November.

The Bread Upon the Waters *by Griswold Wheeler*, December.

Predictions of club critics were borne out in three cases: *The Clod, The Law of the Abalone*, and *The Woman With the Odd Neck*. Three instances of agreement between the club critics and Mr. O'Brien may be noted, for *The Clod, The Law of the Abalone*, and *Fuzz* were prize winning stories. *The Woman With the Odd Neck*, while commented upon as a story likely to appeal to Mr. O'Brien, was rated low in the November contest. Some of the other stories in the above list did not receive very flattering criticisms, notably the last one, which was also last in point of popularity of the stories in the December number. It is sufficient comment on this difference of opinion to say that readers of the BLACK CAT look first for entertainment and are less rigid and uniform in their tests of story merit than the professional critic. Conceding that the author of *The Bread Upon the Waters* made the best use of his material, the majority were inclined to condemn the choice of material and were therefore moved to put their stamp of approval upon a story of happier type.

CHARLES FULTON OURSLER, author of *The Golden Adventure*, was the winner of the $25 prize in the December contest. Prizes for criticisms were awarded to the following persons, in the order named: Elliot Field, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Mary Churchill, Detroit, Mich.; Miss Harriette Wilbur, Duluth, Minn.; G. Lombard Kelly, Augusta, Ga.; Warren E. Crane, Seattle, Wash.; E. A. Kirkwood, San Francisco, Cal.; Rulison G. Parker, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Miss Bessie Loesges, Riverside, Ills.; Morrell Gregory, St. Louis, Mo.

The Golden Adventure takes the reader into queer quarters and among strange characters, unfolding wholesomely an old Christmas combination — the tramp, the child and the chimes. A spot of the city—literally a spot because of its squalor—becomes a film on which is registered a tale of struggle, failure and conquest. Airy Binns, the tramp, is a convincing character until he awakes in the hospital, after which he convinces less and appeals more.

(Continued on page 43)

THE RIGHT EYE OF CARDAMON

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Criminal lawyers come high. And "the higher, the fewer," as Mr. Nosey McIntyre might have remarked to Mr. Cuddy Wortman, speaking of the client's chances, and without considering the importance of Counselor Cardamon's right eye.

CARDAMON, in Part IV of General Sessions, was summing up the famous Tinkerton blackmail case. The court room was crowded.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said to the men in the box, with a wonderful wink of his wonderful right eye, "before I tell you what I have to say myself, I will tell you everything that the District Attorney is going to say when his turn comes. He is going to tell you, gentlemen, in that elegant, supercilious, Riverside Drive way of his,—he is going to tell you this," said Cardamon, "he is going to tell you that—"

Thus proceeded Counselor Cardamon, conscious that his right eye was having its usual effect, and also conscious that behind his back the Assistant District Attorney, representing the people of the state, was a squirming, wriggling mass of indignation. For the Assistant District Attorney knew, as was usually the case, that Cardamon would leave nothing for the A. D. A. to say.

For ages the bar in all jurisdictions has decried the rule of procedure which gives the state's attorney the last say and compels the prisoner's counsel to sum up first. There was one exception to this mass of protesting jurists,—Cardamon. He always knew what the state was going to say and he took the pains to say it first. He also took the pains to work the jury up to such a fever height of excitement that when he was through the District Attorney found nothing save fatigue confronting him.

But it was not Cardamon's method, after all, that won him his cases. It was his right eye. He invariably addressed the jury sidewise, as it were, and though he talked with his lips, it was his right eye that formed the thought and drove it home. He smiled with his right eye, frowned with it, praised with it, denounced with it; smote with a withering blast of vituperation and anathema—all with his right eye.

His address was very short. At the end of fifteen minutes he was once more at the counselor's table. He did not listen to a word that the District Attorney had to say, nor did he listen to the charge of the Court. He merely kept on silently taking the jury into his confidence with his right eye. At the end of the Court's charge, and, of course, without waiting for the verdict, he turned on his heel and stalked easily and deliberately, chin in air, out of the court room. At the very instant that he reached the door he placed his silk hat upon his head. The whole court room sighed with admiration as he did so. There was no man in Manhattan who could remove or replace a top hat with exactly the mathematical grace affected by Counselor Cardamon. There was no man who wore a gray frock coat so jauntily, and it goes without saying, that there was no lawyer frequenting the Criminal Court Building who could afford to enter a court room daily with a huge bunch of fresh violets attached to his lapel.

Cardamon did this as he did many other things—because he was Cardamon. He did not know, however, that out of the multitude that packed the court room, two of the spectators had risen when he rose and had followed him stealthily from the court room, stealthily through the corridors and stealthily down the stairs.

Sinister as these two individuals were, as they sat peacefully watching the Tinkerton blackmail trial, they were still more

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sinister when they had pulled their hats—soft, dingy, low-hanging hats they were—over their foreheads. Just without the threshold they paused, watching the retreating form of Counselor Cardamon.

"I tell you," said one of these burly individuals, "he's the guy."

The man who said this was known to the police as Mr. Cuddy Wortman.

"I tell you, Nosey," he repeated, "Cardamon is the guy we're after. It's Cardamon we gotta have."

Mr. Nosey McIntyre, otherwise known on the Lower East Side as the Muskrat, rubbed the nasal appendage which gave him his name.

"What about Gatlin, bo, what you goin' to do with him?"

Mr. Cuddy Wortman decapitated Gatlin with a swift and expressive movement of his hand.

"Gatlin ain't one, two, three, Musk," he said. "It's Cardamon for ours."

"I'm with you, Cuddy," said his companion. "If you say Cardamon, it goes. Come on."

Five minutes later they were knocking tremulously at the office door of Cardamon over on Broadway. Unlike the rest of mankind they always knocked upon the doors of law offices instead of entering. It may be said that though Mr. Wortman and Mr. McIntyre were in no sense afraid of the law, they stood in tremendous awe of lawyers.

Once inside the outer office they crept on tiptoe, with caps in hand, up to the desk of Cardamon's only visible assistant, his office boy.

"Kin we see his nibs?" they queried.

The office boy, who was deeply engrossed in the perusal of a base-ball extra, never looked up. For a moment the two interlopers stood in shivering silence, then they tapped gently on the desk.

"Kin we see his nibs?" they repeated somewhat plaintively.

The office boy, whom Mr. Cuddy Wortman might have crushed between his thumb and forefinger without half trying, glanced up in speechless indignation.

"What are you giving us?" he retorted angrily, spluttering in his wrath. "His nibs! You get out, and if you don't get out I'll put you out, do you see?"

They did see and their fit of trembling was renewed. In the midst of it one of them managed to ejaculate two words, and the other four.

"Counselor Cardamon!" hoarsely exclaimed Mr. Wortman.

"We got a case," whimpered Nosey McIntyre contritely.

The office boy rose to his full height. "Sit down," he roared, "on them two chairs, and don't you move,—don't you dare to move." He stepped into a private room and closed the door behind him. Almost immediately he emerged. "Busy," he announced. "You've got to wait half an hour."

Counselor Cardamon was busy. He had gathered on his way to his office, some half dozen of the leading evening newspapers, each of which contained a detailed account of his cross-examination in the blackmail case. The first duty that he owed himself was to read these papers through. When he had finished he sighed with tremendous satisfaction, placed the papers on a shelf for later insertion in a scrap book and touched a button. A moment later Mr. Cuddy Wortman and Mr. Nosey McIntyre stood bowing and scraping before him.

There was only one chair in Counselor Cardamon's private office, and that he himself occupied. It was one of his firm principles never to let the criminal class sit in his presence. He had too much respect for himself and too much regard for his office furniture. Even when trying a case he kept his clients at least ten feet away.

As he looked upon Mr. Wortman and Mr. McIntyre, his usually severe countenance somewhat softened. They would have been surprised had they known that he knew exactly who they were. However, he bent the unrelenting gaze of his hypnotic right eye upon them and nodded. It seemed to Counselor Cardamon that along with the variety of odor that the two brought in with them, he scented the possibility of coin and plenty of it. Cuddy Wortman touched his companion.

"This here is me fren and brother-in-law," he explained hoarsely. "He's Nosey McIntyre. My name is Wortman."

Counselor Cardamon held up his hand for silence. He opened a drawer of his desk and selected three newspaper clippings from a file. He spread them on his desk.

"Nosey McIntyre and pal," he said, "burglary, twenty-third day of September; out on three thousand dollars bail. So far so good. What do you want of me? I thought Gatlin was your counsel."

They explained volubly, though hoarsely, that Gatlin was supposed to be, but that it was all off; that it was Counselor Cardamon for theirs, and that they had come there to retain him.

"It's the way you handled that there jury in Part IV," said Cuddy Wortman "Me brother-in-law Nosey's gotta get off. You've gotta get him off. I gotta get off. You've gotta get me off."

Counselor Cardamon opened a window and lit a cigar. "In the first place," he commented, using his right eye as an artisan might use a gimlet, and looking straight into the souls of Nosey McIntyre and pal, "I suppose you're guilty."

"Aw," whimpered the Muskrat, once more rubbing his nose in embarrassment.

"All right," said Cardamon, "that's settled. So much out of the way. Now, when do you come up for trial?"

They told him. The case was set for a day late in December.

"All right," said Counselor Cardamon at length, after he had heard the story from first to last. "Now, listen to me. Do you see this desk?" He tapped it with his fingers.

"Sure," said Cuddy Wortman.

"Right," went on Counselor Cardamon. "Now, before I do a thing about this case, before I raise my hand, before I even think about it, you want to put one thousand dollars in cold cash in front of me upon this desk."

The four hundred odd pounds that went to make up Mr. Cuddy Wortman and Mr. Nosey McIntyre nearly shriveled into nothingness.

"A t'ousand bones," groaned Cuddy.

Nosey McIntyre was stricken speechless.

"Why," went on Cuddy, still groaning, "a hundred is all that Gatlin asked, fifty down and fifty at the trial."

"Exactly," retorted Counselor Cardamon, "and that's just the difference between Gatlin and myself. He's a hundred dollar man and I'm a thousand dollar man."

"But we can't get the coin," whimpered Nosey McIntyre.

"Do you mean to tell me," returned the counselor, severely, "that you pulled nothing at all out of this burglary?"

"Mighty little," answered Nosey. "You got the paper there. They came near catchin' us when we wasn't half way through. A t'ousand dollars," he moaned, as though looking about the room for support. "Where can we get the coin?"

"You'll get it," returned Counselor Cardamon, "or you don't get me, that's all."

For a moment the two companions whispered together. Then simultaneously they dug down into the depths of their disreputable clothes. Each man produced a matted mass of bills. Together they took account of stock.

"Counselor," said Cuddy Wortman at length, "there's two hundred and fifty dollars; it's every blessed cent we've got."

"Lay it down," said Cardamon. They obeyed. "Now," said Cardamon, again fixing them with his right eye, "I will take this on account—on account, mind. No matter what happens, you never get it back; and no matter what happens, I don't raise my finger in this case until you pay the balance of the thousand down. That is understood, is it?"

For a moment they grumbled between themselves, and then they nodded.

"It's understood, Counselor," they said, "all understood. We gotta have you, Counselor, we can't afford to take a chance."

Weeks later Counselor Cardamon was seated in his office very much at ease, and yet, though very much at ease, he still was very busy. He was engaged in the perusal of the morning papers,—the careful scrutiny of them, in fact. He was not an omnivorous reader; his specialty was crime. It was his pleasant pastime, as

well as his alloted task, to discover, to retain in his memory, physically to file away the printed record that informed the public what crime had been doing over night.

As he scanned the headlines he found an item that interested him immensely. It was a tale of robbery and violence. Violence was always interesting, for violence earned heavy sentences,—spelt big retaining fees.

BOLD DAYLIGHT ROBBERY

Paymaster on Construction Job Relieved of Heavy Roll.

So read the headlines. It was one of perhaps a dozen crimes worthy of note that had been committed over night, and Counselor Cardamon proceeded carefully to read about the others. But again and again his right eye wandered back to the daylight robbery. Each newspaper held its own particular account, but it was in the last account of all that Counselor Cardamon found what he always looked for.

"Gad," he exclaimed, fixing his right eye upon what seemed to be an unimportant paragraph, "here's the clue! They'll get those fellows, or I'll eat my hat."

For the rest, it may be said that the paymaster had been robbed of the exact sum of five hundred and eleven dollars and eleven cents.

No sooner had Counselor Cardamon placed the morning papers carefully upon his shelf, than the door of his private office opened to admit two burly figures. He fixed them, as was his wont, with his wonderful right eye; and though they stood at some distance from each other, they were conscious that his glance included both. They stood there shuffling their feet, with mangy caps in hand.

"Well?" said Cardamon at length.

"You ain't forgot us, Counselor?" whimpered Cuddy Wortman.

The two stood there pathetically waiting for a reply. They were disappointed. Counselor Cardamon simply lit a very long and very black cigar and sat staring them out of countenance. He was very immaculate this morning, seated as he was in his private room; he wore his silk top hat jauntily upon his head and was attired as usual in his long frock coat, decorated with his morning bunch of violets. He was silent, imperturbable.

Cuddy Wortman shuffled forward a step or two and once more halted.

"You ain't forgot our case, Counselor?" he pleaded. "It's to-morrow mornin'. You gotta try our case."

Counselor Cardamon drew his yellow pad toward him and held his pencil poised in air.

"What case?" he said. They told him. "Ah," he returned, "I was to have a thousand dollars in that case before I touched it."

"We paid you somethin' on account," interposed Nosey McIntyre, the Muskrat.

Counselor Cardamon merely shook his head. "I was to have a thousand dollars in that case," he reiterated, "and I haven't had it." He tapped his desk. "When you have placed on that spot, that exact spot, do you understand, the balance that is due me, seven hundred and fifty dollars more, I will try your case,—I will take it up; but not before."

Nosey McIntyre looked at Cuddy Wortman and Cuddy Wortman looked at Nosey McIntyre. They nodded to each other. Then Nosey dived into his trousers pocket and produced another roll. Mixed with this roll were several pennies which rattled down on the mahogany desk and one or two of which rolled to the floor. Nosey stooped down to recover the errant coins, but Cuddy Wortman placed his hand over the bills upon the desk.

"You ain't goin' to give it all to him Musk," he whispered hoarsely. "Give him five hundred."

"Not on your life," said Nosey, "we give it to him all."

Cuddy's hand still grasped the bills, "Ain't we gotta get drunk, Musk?" he pleaded. "Where's the drunk comin' from if it ain't comin' out of this?"

"Drunk nothin'," returned Nosey, although his eyes glittered and his nasal appendage glowed at the very word. "Drunk

nothing. What—the night before the trial? Look a-here, we give it to him all."

Without more ado he shoved the motley mass of bills over to Counselor Cardamon. Cardamon carefully drew on a pair of soiled gloves before he touched the bills, then with the swift precision of a paying teller in a bank, he counted them deftly and correctly, laying them in neat little piles of varying denominations before him on the desk.

"How much is here?" he asked.

"Every cent we got, Counselor," grumbled Cuddy Wortman.

"How much?" repeated Cardamon.

"I'll tell you how much," interposed Nosey McIntyre, becoming businesslike, "there's five hundred and eleven dollars and eleven cents. Now, will you take the case?"

Counselor Cardamon drew forth his wallet and placed the bills carefully therein. He gathered up the eleven cents and dropped them jingling into his trousers pocket, and then he tapped his desk again.

"Two hundred and fifty and five hundred and eleven and eleven cents," he mused, as though speaking to himself, "make just seven hundred and sixty-one dollars and eleven cents; seven hundred and sixty-one dollars and eleven cents from one thousand leaves two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents. Gentlemen," he said,—he always called his clients gentlemen after he had had a fee,—"Gentlemen, before half past nine to-morrow morning you must do two things: first, have all your witnesses in court; second, lay upon this desk, in cash, two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents. Then, and not till then, I will take your case."

The Muskrat looked at Cuddy and Cuddy looked at the Muskrat.

"We gotta get it," said the Muskrat. "We gotta have Counselor Cardamon, that's all."

Three minutes after their departure Cardamon again drew forth the bills from his pocket and scrutinized them carefully. At last he chuckled to himself.

"Gad," he exclaimed, "there's the clue!"

He reached behind him and drew forth a newspaper from the shelf and placed a five dollar bill face downward side by side with the column of the newspaper containing the fullest account of the daylight robbery. He read softly to himself the unimportant paragraph.

> The paymaster said that he could positively identify one of the bills, and if for any reason the roll remained intact this bill would lead to the detection of the thief. He had noticed in making up his payroll a certain five dollar bill that had upon its back a large circle of red ink and enclosed in this circle, also written in red ink, were the words, "Baby mine."

Counselor Cardamon's eye travelled from the paragraph to the bill. On the back of the bill was a large circle in red ink and within the circle, also written in red ink, were the two words, "Baby mine."

"The case," thought Cardamon to himself, "seems unusually complete."

Now, it must not be supposed for one minute that he was particularly interested in the matter. The whole thing crystallized into an unusual fact, that is all. He withdrew his soiled gloves after replacing the bills in his wallet, donned a heavy overcoat and proceeded on his way. At ten-thirty he was cross-examining a witness.

There are some days in December which admit of top hats and bunches of violets. There are other days that do not. This particular day resolved into a day of variety. At four o'clock, when Counselor Cardamon left the Criminal Court Building, he found himself confronted with a blizzard. He hailed a taxicab and a few minutes later, almost without a fleck of snow upon him, re-entered his office. He doffed his top hat, carefully examined it and placed it in its leather receptacle. He drew off his natty winter overcoat with its facing of silk and hung it on its hanger in the closet; he stood his cane in a corner. Once more he drew forth his wallet. He was due that evening at the Barristers' to sit in a friendly little game. He made it a point in friendly little games never to play for more than the cash upon

his person and never to enter a game with more than a certain amount of cash. He counted out two hundred and fifty dollars for his purpose. The balance of the money he placed in his safe and shut and locked the safe. He stepped to the closet, took down from another hanger a heavy shaggy ulster and a huge slouch hat; diving into a corner he produced a pair of arctics. Then he sallied forth.

Properly accoutered, Counselor Cardamon enjoyed nothing quite so much as a good old-fashioned blizzard. He started out afoot for the Ninth Avenue elevated. He was not the only man abroad that blustery evening. There were at least two others,—two shivering, shaking individuals, with upturned collars and with low-pulled caps upon their heads, who lurked in odd corners, bent chiefly upon two things: first, to avoid the police; second, to discover a likely victim or so.

Carefully they scanned each passerby. The five o'clock crowd was afoot. Cuddy Wortman and his friend the Muskrat knew a ten dollar clerk from a millionaire, and the bulk of the homeward going crowd was composed of ten dollar clerks. Suddenly, however, the Muskrat nudged his companion.

"Here's a swell, Cuddy, comin' up the street. Look at him and see."

Cuddy evidently found the judgment of the Muskrat sound. He drew that gentleman into a dark alleyway and waited for the psychological moment to arrive. It arrived; and at the very instant that the swell passed the alleyway, something darted like a thirteen inch projectile from the darkness. This something was the right arm of Cuddy Wortman. In another instant they were dragging a victim into the dark shadows,—shadows where they could neither see nor be seen, but where they could feel for pocketbooks. They felt deftly and swiftly and with satisfactory results. An instant later they had emerged from the other end of the alleyway, had darted down the street, had turned a corner and had disappeared.

It was Counselor Cardamon's custom to appear promptly at his office at nine A. M. At nine A. M. on the following morning there were certain people who made prompt appearance, but not Counselor Cardamon. Mr. Cuddy Wortman was on hand and with him was his friend the Muskrat. They were told to sit and wait.

"We was told," protested Cuddy Wortman to the office boy, "to leave two hundred and thirty-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents on that there desk in there by half past nine. Kin we do it?"

"Who told you?" retorted the office boy.

"Counselor Cardamon," they answered.

"Did he say he'd be here at half past nine?" queried the office boy.

As a matter of fact, he had not, but he had said that if they laid the money there, he would take the case. Time rolled around with unusual swiftness and at twenty-nine minutes after nine, Nosey McIntyre, who had always followed the instructions of his lawyer, made a move toward the private room.

"I'm goin' to lay this here roll on that there desk," he said.

He had started to accomplish his purpose when behind him the door of the outer office opened and in strode a figure quite immaculate. The sun was out this morning, the snow glittered on the ground. Counselor Cardamon had another silk hat upon his head and wore another jaunty overcoat and carried another cane; violets reposed upon the lapel of his coat.

Without acknowledging the presence of anybody else, he strode into his office and seated himself at his desk. He placed his top hat by his side.

"Come in!" he exclaimed to his two clients.

In they came. Just within the threshold of the private room they stood stock still and stared.

"Holy cats, Counselor," cried Nosey McIntyre, "what's come over the spirit o' your dream?"

Well might they exclaim, for over the right eye of Counselor Cardamon there was a dark, forbidding patch and about the edges of this patch were evidences of black and blue. He made no explanation, ventured upon no apology.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is within two seconds of nine-thirty, about time that you

laid the balance of the fee upon my desk."

The Muskrat could not comply with the suggestion too quickly.

Counselor Cardamon drew on his soiled gloves as usual and counted the bills. Half way through his count he stopped and stared. One of the bills was a five dollar bill, lying by accident back uppermost. Upon it was a large red circle done in red ink and within the large circle, also in red ink, appeared the words, "Baby Mine."

Counselor Cardamon finished his count, removed his gloves and glanced with admiration at his two clients. Impelled by some secret impulse, he rose and did a thing that he had never done before. He held out his clean white hand toward them and shook each genially by his grimy paw.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "I shall be glad to take your case!"

He chuckled as he said the words. There was one thing about Counselor Cardamon that these two men did not know. He never forgave and he never forgot.

Half an hour later the court was offering him an adjournment and commiserating with him on the black patch on his eye. The Muskrat, across ten feet of space, was telling him to get the adjournment. But Cardamon shook his head.

"Your Honor," he said, "I have left this day open to try this case. I shall try it."

Forthwith the case proceeded. For the rest of the day Cuddy Wortman and Nosey McIntyre, the Muskrat, sat watching Cardamon with undisguised admiration. To them, legal talent meant tremendous lungs; to them, the man that could shout the loudest was the biggest man. They had not come to Cardamon *because* of this. He was not accustomed to those methods. They had come to him *in spite* of his lack of tremendous voice. To-day, however, Cardamon, to the amazement of the Judge, the jury, the clerks and the spectators, shouted so that he could be heard all the way from Part IV upstairs to Part I downstairs. He knew well what he was doing. The night before two men had landed a very effective blow upon his cranium. He was returning the blow with interest.

The jury looked each other in the eye. "What's the matter with Cardamon?" they said.

This question was echoed in the mind of every person present, except in the minds of Cardamon's two clients. When Cardamon had finished, these two men leaned across the ten foot space between themselves and their counsel and whispered to him enthusiastically.

"Cheap at the price, Counselor," they cried. "That summing up was worth five thousand if it was worth a cent."

Cardamon smiled a sinister smile. "I'm glad you think so, gentlemen," he said.

He waited until the Judge had charged the jury, then he rose, drew on his overcoat and turned once more to his clients.

"You, gentlemen," he said, "may await the verdict. When you find out what it is, please let me know."

It was at five-thirty that his telephone bell rang and a voice sounded in his ear,—not the voice of either of his clients, but the voice of the clerk of the court.

"Counselor," he said, "your men are in the Tombs; the jury has just gone home."

"The verdict?" queried Cardamon, quite pleasantly.

"Sorry, Counselor," replied the clerk, "it's guilty; but you did your level best."

Cardamon hung up the receiver and chuckled. He had done his level best to secure a certain verdict. He had done more,—he had actually secured the verdict that he wanted. He strode to a mirror and removed the patch from his right eye. His right eye was totally eclipsed.

He turned back to his desk, lit a match, took a five dollar bill from his pocket and burned it up.

"Gad," said Cardamon to himself, "it was a tough job trying to lose that case. If those chaps had hit me in the left eye now, I swear I think I would have won it in spite of all."

Over in the Tombs his clients wondered, speculated, moaned. They attributed their defeat to all causes but the right one. They did not realize that the fatal flaw was this, that one thing connected with Cardamon was temporarily out of business.

That one thing was Cardamon's right eye.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT

BY LEE PAPE

Two bank clerks try a week of the fac-simple life, during which they agree that there is "an indefinable something" about blondes. Their subsequent adventures prove that accidents will happen at the best regulated psychological moments.

THE mashed potatoes were dwindling as they described their orbit.

"Well, Mother Brooks," said Mr. Seevers, whose disposition had been mellowed by years of being gracious for business reasons along his butter and egg route, "I understand we'll soon be struggling along without you for a week."

"The fifteenth, we leave," nodded Mrs. Brooks, a widow twice removed, who had married a pessimist to make up for having married an optimist. "If I couldn't look forward to being waited on and carved for and swept up after, at least one week in the year, I'd lose all my interest in slaving for other people. And poor Luella certain'y needs the rest and the change, though I must say I got my own opinion of a firm that on'y gives their cashier one week's vacation."

"So've I, Ma," said her daughter grimly; and, on either side of her, a tall young man and a short young man, both wearing big literary spectacles with tortoise-shell trimnings, murmured sympathetically. Mr. Stiles and Mr. Hopper, who were roomers as well as boarders, shared the third-story-next-to-the-front. Both, to quote Miss Luella Brooks, were "tight fitting young men." Theirs was the perfect friendship that you will find only between very tall men and very short ones. Mr. Stiles may have been a shade the tighter fitting, or perhaps it was merely his superior height,—as a tall slender tree, though really not so, appears slimmer than a short slender tree. He spent his days marshalling endless miles of figures from the high cane seat of a stool in a broker's office, while his little friend Hopper performed an almost identical function from a similar stool in a bank. The daily sum of their labors was equally valueless to them and to the history of the world, and left them, equally, singularly undepressed. Stiles's pay envelope was heavier than his friend's by the weight of a silver half dollar, but, to balance that, he envied Hopper his two big daily moments, —when he ascended great flowing marble steps and passed through priceless bronze gates to his battalions of waiting figures, and when he left them, marking time till the morrow, to reissue through the same grand portals, to descend in leisurely, tight fitting nonchalance that marble sweep.

Harvey Stiles addressed Miss Brooks, "Have you decided for sure on Ocean Beach?"

"Sea Front Hotel," she answered Harvey. "We wrote there and we wrote to the Bounding Billows, and they both recommended themselves most highly in the circulars; but Ma thought the Bounding Billows sounded like it mightn't be a quiet place, so it's the Sea Front. And for mercy's sakes, don't you boys fail to come down!"

"Oh, we'll be there," Harvey assured her. "Won't we, Midge?"

"*With* bells," replied Hopper earnestly. Like all sensible small people, he took his reduced stature as a matter beyond mending and even humorously pretended to be proud of it, although secretly he preferred his original Christian name of Hilliard.

"Do I understand, Mr. Stiles," asked Mr. Green, the incipiently bald and newly married drug clerk, from the other end of the table, "do I understand that you and Mr. Hopper are planning to spend the first week of your vacation on a canoeing and camping trip?"

"Back to nature," Harvey assured him. "Live in bathing suits. Sleep out in the open on blankets. Eat nothing except what we cook ourselves. All the way back,—how about it, Midge?"

"Ab-solutely," corroborated Hopper.

"And after that you're to join Mrs. Brooks and Luella at Ocean Beach?" inquired Mrs. Green, who sat next to her husband and took part in all his conversations.

"That's our schedule," replied Harvey; and a sound, like the ghost of a chuckle clearing its throat, ran around the table. It was a common secret that the friends and roommates were rivals for the affections of their landlady's daughter.

Harvey and Midge were late for supper every day that week. Each evening saw them bearing blankets, frying pans, indigestible matter in tins,—all the impedimenta of a natural state of living. On alternate nights, as usual and by compact, each had his turn escorting Miss Brooks to one of the several moving picture theatres in the neighborhood. Luella had the ever shifting weekly repertory of them all at her fingers' ends. And on the night of the final Saturday, as a sort of till-we-meet-again party, the three of them went together to one of the big downtown picture houses, and afterwards to a cafe, where Luella sent a merry smile, each time around the polished dancing space, to the one left solitary at the table. One of Miss Brooks's many charms was that she was a young woman of adaptable height. She did not look too small dancing with Harvey, and yet Midge could comfortably peer over her left shoulder to steer. Nay, on the way home,—it was a lovely night winking with stars, and they walked,—she even took an arm of each apparently without the slightest inconvenience.

The friends discussed this among others of her virtues as they reclined, the next night, on the less smoky side of their camp fire above the river bank. They still wore their literary spectacles, which flashed now and then like beacons as the flames leaped; but their faces were grimy, and there was nothing in the least tight fitting about their flannel shirts and formless khaki trousers.

"What gets me most about her," mused Hopper, as he reflectively refilled his pipe, "is the way she never knocks. Now most girls, when they get a fellow behind his back, they'll knock. But never once in all the time I've had her out, Harvey, has she said a word against you." Harvey frowned, and Midge finished hastily, "And I hope, Harvey, you can say the same of her about me."

"We've never discussed a thing except your good qualities," Harvey assured him. "And your funny qualities. You know, Midge, how you like to smoke great big cigars just as if you were a big six-footer, and how I've had to drag you away from every little German band on the street since that bump reader told you you were passionately fond of music."

Midge puffed in pensive silence. Harvey resumed: "When she plays for us to sing, Midge, and one of us sails off the key, the way she lights into the old piano like a sandstorm till we're back in line, as if nothin'd ever happened!"

Midge nodded with solemn slowness. "That's art, Harvey. Did you ever take notice how graceful she eats?—how dainty, and yet as if she enjoyed every bite? Did you ever take notice?—and when she drinks coffee, how her little finger's always out?"

"And nothing affected about it, either!" Harvey chimed in. "She don't *stick* it out,—it's just out perfectly natural."

"Ab-solutely," said Midge.

They puffed for a while in silence, disturbed once by a cough from Midge as a sudden shift of wind blew the wood-smoke his way. Occasionally the swift black river sent them a sighing gurgle, and the giant wooded hills on the opposite bank seemed painted in India ink.

"All those stars, Midge," said Harvey. "Millions, eh?"

"And if we were up on one of 'em," mused Midge, "we'd think we were the works and this old earth was only a star."

"Just like now," nodded Harvey. "It's astronomy."

They drew on their pipes.

"Blondes always did affect me, Harvey. I was always more or less susceptible to

'em,—one of those kind. And as I figure it, Luella is the Perfect Blonde. What is it about blondes, Harvey?"

"It's what you might call a certain indefinable something," Harvey answered thoughtfully. "There's some say they prefer brunettes, but they don't look you in the eye when they say it. I've read that brunettes have caused more changes in the world's history than any other class of women, but I've got my doubts, Midge."

"So've I, Harvey."

They drew on their pipes.

"Midge, there's something I want to tell you. I don't want you to think I haven't been square for not telling you before,—I've been meaning to all along, and it's the only thing I ever held back. She let me kiss her good-night once. About two weeks ago, after we'd been to a Mary Pickford picture."

Hopper laid down his pipe and swallowed hard.

"Thanks, Harvey," he said at length. "I'm glad you told me. It makes it easier. It was after a Mary Pickford picture that she let me kiss her, too. I've been going to tell you for a month."

Harvey got up to do something to the fire. When he had settled himself again, he said, "She likes us both the same, Midge. So now the only question is, which one of us is going to have the luck to pop it to her at what you might call the psychological moment. For he'll be the one to get her. I know enough about women for that."

"'The time, the place and the girl,'" observed Midge.

"You said it, Midge. Personally, I don't complain about it being my turn next."

"You mean—on account of the ocean and all."

"The ocean, and the moon,—it'll be full moon next week,—everything, Midge."

"It'll be the best psychological moment you've had, Harvey," said Midge wistfully.

"You don't hold it against me, do you, Midge? It's not my fault that it just happens to be my turn."

"Sure not. Go to it, Harvey. All's fair in love and war. The second time I—I asked her,—this'll make your third, Harvey,—there was a great big, round, red moon. And then the trees and the fountain and all. It was a great psychological moment,—or would have been if a big cloud hadn't of got in front of the moon and stayed there just as I was starting to wonder what would be the best way to break the news to you. I don't want to sound conceited, Harvey, but I think you ought to be pretty grateful to that cloud."

"I am, Midge. And I can return the favor, because some waves from a motor boat worked the same on me. It was that Memorial Day time, in the canoe. A canoe and twilight, Midge, you can't beat that for a psychological moment—barring interference. I didn't notice the rollies coming, so I didn't have time to take them right; and they jiggled the canoe and scared Luella pale. That left me in strong, of course!"

"Naturally," murmured Midge sympathetically.

And very soon after that they rolled themselves up in their blanket beds and added the gentle sighs of slumber to the hushed symphony of night.

They stayed their full week back with nature, far from the softening artificialities of the tight fitting city. Blisters sprang on their hands from much paddling; and after the second day a feeling of weight fastened on their stomachs and made its home there, returning, after short absences, like a bird of lead to its nest. They shivered themselves awake in the black of midnight and were annoyed awake by flies at the first streak of dawn. But, joining in a diplomatic conspiracy of silence, neither affected to notice as the other rubbed a surreptitious hand over his leaden feeling; each nursed without words his painful reminders of the brief kisses of hot frying pans.

"Pretty fine, heh, Midge?" Harvey would say as they filled pipes after a hearty supper of fried bacon, boiled potatoes and beans.

"Pretty fine," Midge would agree, turning his eyes dreamily from the still unwashed agate, iron and tin ware. And in fact, sometimes the heavy feeling did not visit them until a full hour after meals.

And then,—two coats of tan more arrest-

ingly rich, as the friends sped across sandy flats to Ocean Beach and Luella, never graced Jersey train.

It was with a preoccupied air that Harvey had hoisted Midge's suitcase after his own into the high brass bracket. Harvey had something on his mind. Several times during the journey he came out of a brown study to pause on the brink of Midge's vivacious stream of chatter. At last he took the plunge.

"Midge, I've got a plan."

"You're the fellow gets 'em, Harvey."

"I've had this one for several days, Midge. Or at least, I've been getting it for several days. You know that talk we had—all about psychological moments?"

" 'The time, the place and the girl'," Midge nodded wisely.

"Well, that started me thinking. There's no psychological moment, Midge, like after you've rescued a girl from drowning. It's a psychological moment, you might say, that lasts all the rest of the day. To make a long story short, Midge, I'll rescue her in the morning, and in the evening I'll propose to her."

There was a dramatic pause.

"But," Midge suggested faintly, "supposing she don't drown,—I mean start to drown?"

"Ah, Midge, that's where *you* come in!"

"Me?"

"It's a lot to ask of you, Midge, I realize that. But as you said, all's fair in love and war. And it wouldn't seem very square to you, would it, Midge, if I went and got somebody else to push her in? Now, Midge, take it calm! We've always helped each other out all we could so far, haven't we? Didn't you wear my brand new dollar and a half tie that I hadn't even unwrapped yet, your last time? Well, can I help it if the seashore and everything happens to be in my favor?"

"Sea *shore,* yes, Harvey, but—"

"Now, Midge, listen calm. Who knows most about women, you or me?"

"You, Harvey. But—"

"Well then, no buts. In a matter of this kind, a man that don't take advantage of an opportunity don't deserve the opportunity. And how do you know, Midge, how do you know *you're* not going to have another turn down here? I don't claim to be infallible."

Midge's face brightened more than Harvey secretly thought the premises warranted.

"Gee, Harvey! And if I do, will you think up one for me,—a psychological moment? I don't pretend to know as much about them as you do."

"Sure I will, Midge," Harvey promised heartily. "Certainly I will!"

"Well then, Harvey, I'll do it."

They shook hands.

"Ah hah!" cried Luella. "Men! And both for me! Honest, boys, wherever the Isle of Man is, it's somewhere else."

The newcomers had found Ocean Beach one of those sheer north Jersey coastlines where one bathes clinging for dear life to a rope, where one is either out of the water or in it up to one's waist. And the Sea Front Hotel was really not more than three minutes' walk from the ocean's edge.

"Just in time for supper," smiled Mrs. Brooks. "They set an elegant table."

That evening a wonderful lemon colored moon made gold of the beach and quicksilver of the ocean. The four went strolling on the narrow boardwalk.

"Aren't you *crazy* about that moon?" sighed Luella.

Harvey looked up at it soulfully. Midge said dreamily, "No light of its own at all, the moon hasn't."

"Go on!" scoffed Luella. "What do you call all that on the water?"

"It's from the sun," Midge explained.

"A touch o' heat, I s'pose, Midge," said Luella kindly; and Harvey made violent efforts to locate the sun in the starry heavens.

"My first husband used to say his troubles were joys on nights like these," commented Mrs. Brooks. "But lor', how the sight of a beautiful moon, and people raving about it, used to make my second husband swear. And he could swear. Couldn't he, Luella?"

"Like a Trojan," replied her daughter.

"What's that?" Harvey asked suddenly.

"A little dock," said Luella.

"Deep, out there?"

"Thirty feet. You couldn't get *me* on it."

"Luella always did act timid about standing over water," said her mother. "Even as a child. We used to think it was hereditary. Some things are."

"We'll take a little stroll out there tomorrow and look it over," said Harvey.

"You couldn't get me on that thing for all the king's money," Luella repeated.

Harvey, as though he considered the entire subject unmomentous, affected a careless laugh; but as he and Midge prepared for bed he explained that getting Luella out on that dock was probably his only means of realizing the great plan.

The next day assiduously occupied itself in raining, and the hotel veranda waxed quite neighborly in discussions of the advantages possessed by the city over great open areas like the country and the seashore. But Wednesday morning's sun was hot and brilliant, and everybody congratulated everybody on being at the seashore on a day when the city was in for so certain a grilling.

Mrs. Brooks announced her intention of remaining on the nice shady veranda with her embroidery and the morning papers. Luella and Harvey and Midge, in bathing suits, were soon enjoying the warm sand. Harvey and Midge still wore their tortoiseshell glasses. A few hundred yards up the beach the little dock was visible.

"Anybody feel like a little walk?" said Harvey. "Kind of monotonous, sitting in one spot."

"Thanks for the compliment," observed Luella.

"For you, I mean," Harvey amended hastily. "Monotonous for you. As far as we're concerned, gosh, you'd have to tear us away. How about that, Midge?"

"Ab-solutely," said Midge.

"Well, if it's a case of vice versa," Luella smiled graciously as she rose, "which way?"

Harvey led them down the beach, away from the dock. Midge was lost in admiration of his diplomacy, for a succession of stone jetties made the walking in that direction very unsatisfactory, and they were soon headed back toward the dock. The sand was dotted with bathers, in couples, in groups, with prone and supine white figures pathetically expecting the sun to burn them a handsome brown instead of a painful red.

"I always wonder," Luella mused, "what it is makes couples on the beach lose all sense of privacy. And what it is makes a perfect stranger, almost, expect you to merely look pleasant while he lays his head in your lap. As if every couple you saw, even if they've just been introduced, was a regular Anthony and Cleopatra on a barge."

Harvey sighed.

"Something in the air," suggested Midge.

"Here's that dock," said Harvey.

They stopped. The dock was a very narrow, very rickety, very risky looking affair about thirty feet long, on log piles. A boy in a bathing suit and a vivid orange sweater was sitting on it with his bare legs dangling over the side, fishing.

"Do you mean to say," Harvey addressed Luella, "do you mean to say you're actually *afraid* to walk out to the end of that dock?"

"The end?" said Miss Brooks with a shiver. "I'd be dead before I got to the middle."

"You imagine it," Harvey assured her. He looked at Midge.

"Ab-solutely," said Midge.

"What say we try it?" Harvey suggested brightly. "Take hold of my arm."

Luella stepped back in alarm.

"Harvey! Are you perfectly crazy? *No!*"

"Luella," said Harvey with reproving sadness, "you're acting childish. You really ought to be ashamed of yourself." He paused suggestively.

"You really ought, Luella," said Midge. "It's only a dock."

"And if you go out this once," Harvey urged, "you'll never be afraid to stand over water again. Don't you know it's only by forcing yourself to overcome foolish fears that you can conquer them? Don't you know it's only a case of mind over matter?"

Miss Brooks replied that she did not

know it and that she was in no humor for experiments. She refused to show the slightest sign of wavering until Harvey, with occasional assistance from Midge, had reasoned for ten earnest minutes.

"Oh, well," she capitulated at last. "Seeing you take it so to heart. And you really think it'll have an influence?"

"It's sure to," said Harvey.

"Ab-solutely," said Midge.

She took a firm grip on Harvey's arm with both hands and the three fared slowly onto the dock, Midge a trifle to the rear.

"Well?" said Harvey. "It's not so bad, is it? It's not so bad?"

"I thought it would be worse," Luella admitted. And soon, with occasional little squeals, and still tightly gripping Harvey's arm, she allowed herself to be led out to the very edge.

"Who don't deserve a Carnegie medal?" she shivered deliciously.

"Try to slacken up a bit on my arm," suggested Harvey. He sent a glance back over his shoulder. Midge was looking doubtfully down at a piece of loose boarding, wondering if it could be stumbled over naturally and effectively, and what would happen to his toe.

"You're holding me tighter," said Harvey. "It'll do you more good if you try to stand by yourself."

"It's doing me enough good as it is," replied Luella. "I think I want to go back now."

Harvey turned part way round and made a rapid but significant face. Midge frowned worriedly. He had made a tentative effort to stumble over the loose board and found it impracticable.

"Take me back!" demanded Luella.

Harvey shot Midge a really appalling glance.

"Just a minute," he soothed Luella. "This is what you might call the real test now. Just another minute. And a little looser, can't you?"

The boy in the orange sweater was still absorbedly fishing over the side. Midge's wildly roaming eyes, chancing on him, became alight with inspiration. He hurried over to him and bent down.

"Say, boy."

"What?" said the boy, who at that moment thought he saw his bob agitate itself.

"I bet I can beat you wrestling."

"I bet you can, too," admitted the boy.

"Let's try it," offered Midge.

"I'm fishing," said the boy.

"Let's try it," Midge repeated firmly, and seized him under the arms.

"I'm fishing!" shouted the boy wrathfully. "I got a bite! Don't wanna rassle!"

"You got to wrestle!" gritted Midge as he dragged him to his feet and began shoving him toward the end of the dock. The boy, still clutching his pole, kicked back desperately.

"Had a bite, darn you! Had a bite!"

"Wrestle!" panted Midge. With much difficulty he turned him around to a more gladiatorial position and the next moment they crashed violently into Luella, who, alarmed at the noise, was just turning round to investigate in spite of Harvey's earnest efforts to keep her attention directed to a ship disappearing over the horizon. There was nothing for her to do but go over with a hair-raising scream. And, although she had a death grip on Harvey's arm, he managed, by dint of a mighty equilibristic feat at the last possible fraction of a second, to stay behind. All in all, there was quite an exhibiton of difficult balancing, for Harvey and the boy also had much ado to stay on. Luella made a fine splash.

Harvey handed Midge his tortoise-shell glasses.

"Coming!" he sang out, and went, with a deliberate, perfect dive.

"Harvey'll save you!" Midge called down cheerily.

"Help! Man overboard! Lady drowning!" shrieked the boy, dancing wildly. Then he flung off his orange sweater and postured on the edge of the dock with one hand on his chest and the other upflung towards heaven.

"To the rescue!" he shouted.

"Hey!" cried Midge in consternation. But it was too late; the boy, his feet pointing respectively northwest and southwest in the poorest sort of diving form, was defacing Harvey's neatly cut arc.

Harvey regarded the new arrival with

surprise and displeasure. Having succeeded, several feet under water, in disengaging his neck from Luella's fervid clasp, he had brought her to the surface with his right arm skillfully hooked under her chin in the manner advocated by the best authorities.

"That ain't no way," said the boy. "Turn her on her back and tow her in by the hair."

"Who's doing this?" asked Harvey icily.

"I'm on'y tellin' you," said the boy meekly. Treading water briskly, he addressed the sputtering Luella: "Are you drownding, lady?"

"Mind, now!" warned Harvey, and began swimming in with arduously feeble strokes, for he had only the length of the dock to go and the ocean was like a lake.

"That ain't no way, all right," said the boy regretfully as he kept pace.

Harvey eyed him balefully.

"If I get one kick at you!"

"Leave it to the lady," defended the boy. "*Wouldn'* you sooner be towed in by the hair, lady?" Then, unresentfully, he tried to make it easier for Harvey by catching hold of Luella's feet. It was Harvey's foot that he caught, squarely in the chest. He disappeared, but not for long.

"Hey!" he spluttered. "You look out who you're kickin'!"

Midge leaned over the side of the dock.

"Get away from there, can't you?" he called down. "Mind your own business."

"Let him be careful who he's kickin'," retorted the boy. His sudden feints and mysterious disappearance, as the rescue proceeded, were so distracting that Harvey suddenly realized Midge's sibilant signals of distress must have been going on for some time. Midge was trying to telegraph that Luella was strangling, a bit of news Luella was also endeavoring to impart by pulling at the arm encircling her neck. Harvey loosened the arm so suddenly and thoroughly that he found himself alone with the boy on the surface of the water, and the submarine ceremony of distangling his neck from Luella's clasp had to be repeated.

"Didn't I tell you that wasn't no way?" said the boy; but Harvey, deciding that he wasn't near enough, pretended not to have heard him. Meanwhile the perturbed Midge had dashed off the dock and through the fair sized crowd now lining the beach, and was splashing his way out to meet them, when the boy made a last desperate attempt to partake in the rescue. Harvey's foot again found its mark, but the whole-souled kick forced Luella's long suffering head under once more. Midge, managing to reach one of her hands, gave it a shoreward tug as Harvey assisted her to her feet.

"Gee whizz, Harvey," said Midge reproachfully as he handed him his dripping spectacles. A few moments later the three of them were on the beach, the center of a solicitous and rapidly increasing crowd, through which the boy, having redonned his sweater and recovered his fishing pole, industriously worked his way.

"How—how do you feel?" said Harvey.

"C-cold," shivered Luella.

"Cold?" said Midge briskly. For the second time in a crucial moment his eyes fell on the boy in the orange sweater.

"Go 'way!" cried the boy, backing precipitantly. "Didn't I tell you I didn'—"

"Give me that sweater!" commanded Midge, who practically had it already.

"I thought you wanted to rassle," said the boy relievedly. He cheerfully drew his other arm out, and Midge draped the sweater about Luella's shoulders.

"Come on," he said. "Out o' this mob."

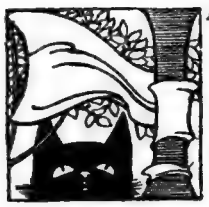
An unpleasant, persistent man had been shouting for a barrel to roll her on, and Luella was quite ready to go. They walked slowly up the beach, the boy following with his fishing rod on his shoulder and his eye on his sweater. Harvey, a step or so to one side, kept glancing askance at Luella.

She was silent and thoughtful until she chattered: "M-Midge, it certainly was b-brave the way you c-came after m-me, and you not knowing how to s-swim or anything! And getting this s-sweater for me and taking me away from that awful m-mob. It was th-thoughtful, Midge! Any time you want to ask me w-what you asked me that time in the p-park——"

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

BY G. A. WELLS

The mysterious disappearance of a few pots of baked beans results in a drastic order from the Commander of the U. S. S. Carolina, which in turn results in a written opinion from one of the crew. It is an opinion more lurid than polite; no camouflage about it.



AIN'T aiming to insult your intelligence, sir, by asking if by any mischance or kick of fortune you've ever been in an insane asylum. And not having had that woeful experience, of course you can't understand the similarity between one of them institutions and a crazy man-o'-war. We of the service, sir, calls such a ship a mad-house. Not that its inmates, or in this case the ship's company, are anyways loony or loose in the head. It ain't that, sir.

Mad-house ships always contain more or less ingenious brains to devise devilment and make the ship mad. You see, sir, it's like this: A ship that's been in commission some time is all set and has a definite policy for its conduct. Officers and men are wise to each other's ways; they know each other's likes and dislikes, accomplishments and short-comings. Every man aboard knows what's expected of him and does it without being told a dozen times. After a manner, everybody is as near congenial and sociable and friendly as the rules allow.

On the other hand, there are ships that haven't been flying their commission pennants long enough to have the spare threads whipped out by the wind. The officers and men are generally trimmings and offal from training stations and navy yards. They're odds and ends, as a man would say.

Training station recruits are the worst of the lot, because they don't know nothing pertaining to a man-o'-war. Their instructors tell 'em the difference between north and south and inform 'em that a full-rigged ship don't have but four ropes, the rest being halyards, sheets, lines, stays and so forth; then they're graduated and goes out to inflict theirselves on the general service. About that time they really ought to be going home to suck on nursing bottles some more.

Now, when a ship's unlucky enough to draw sufficient of these gentry to start a middling size hell, there ain't no concord and harmony that you can see with the naked eye. Everything's mixed up and you don't know heads from tails. While every man's got his station for every drill from ship collision to bag inspection, like as not he arrives hence by walking over ten or a dozen of his mates bound on the same errand. A ship without a definite running policy, sir, is like a fish without a fin—there's plenty of strength and intent, but there ain't no order exercising 'em.

I'm telling you all this anent the story of Spike Devine and his bunch that's put aboard the Carolina when that good ship hoists her pennant and takes her place in the fleet. I've seen many a mad-house of a ship, me wearing five service stripes, and some of 'em I've unfortunately swung my hammock aboard; but when I say to you the Carolina was the worst mad-house the service ever saw, I'm telling you what any other man, knowing the circumstances, would tell you. Yes, sir, she was one mad ship, plumb loco and completely off her nut, and it was owing to Devine she carried off the blue ribbon.

Once I'm marking time on the old Lancaster, which hulk is some home, I tell you. What is a home? Well, sir, appertaining to the navy, when you're aboard a ship where you feed on butcher's meat, fried eggs, real bread, with bona fide

pies, along with all the shore leave you can use, just figure you're home.

If I remember right I'd recently put up my hand and swore on for another cruise in this man's navy. I was enjoying life, lots of shore liberty, and the pursuit of coy maidens ashore, when Dame Rumor drops in to state that there's a crew making for the Carolina, which vessel had just dropped down splinter clean from Cramp's yard up the Delaware River.

Naturally there was considerable excitement aboard the Lancaster concerning who was and who wasn't going to be in the draft to make up the Carolina's complement. Being a fourth cruise man at the time, and knowing something of ships generally, I told myself right off I didn't want no Carolina in mine. This opinion I expressed to a youngster just fresh out of Newport training station. He'd just reported in from his first furlough, I believe, and hadn't yet had time to be cured of the terrible disease of wearing sea-going hats and extreme bell-bottom pants affected by raw recruits. He was some astonished when I hoped the hope I'd be permitted to rot my life away on the Lancaster instead of the Carolina.

"And why shouldn't a man want to be in a draft to such a beautiful ship as that?" he asks, all innocent.

The Carolina, being moored just across the dock from us at the time, sure did appear pleasing to the eye. She looked like a lady's watch, delicate and trim, but mighty competent to keep good time.

"Son," said I, looking at him with sorrowful eyes and pity in my heart, "I reckon you've heard what that Shakespeare gent says concerning the outward appearance of things. Says this party, 'All that glitters ain't gold.' By the same token neither is a ship a good ship because she ain't scraped off her first coat of paint against navy yard docks or been fouled by coaling whips. Don't go too strong on new ships, son."

"Humph!" says he, and parades away to find somebody more in keeping with his views of ships.

But it wasn't for me to say where I'd sling my hammock, me practically belonging to Mister Samuel, U. S. A. Whether or no, I was ordered to stand by for a call aft. I packed my belongings with curses on my lips for the dirty swab that had put my name on the Carolina's draft list. It was a howling calamity, that, putting a fourth cruise man aboard a new ship.

In due time three hundred of us, mostly raw recruits with some of the hatching shell still clinging to 'em, marched down the gangplank of the old Lancaster and up the gangplank of the new Carolina. A fresh Jimmy-legs and his deputies and a fresher ensign met us at the gangway and lined us up on the quarterdeck to tell us off in watches and give us our division and ship's numbers. Me, being a boatswain's mate first-class, was assigned to take charge of the quarterdeck, which same I was supposed to care for like a mother cares for her kiddies.

I'm not going into detail about my own personal ups and downs, though God knows I had enough of 'em to fill a book, what with licking into shape a mob of wild Indians allotted to the fourth division which had the care of the quarterdeck and all pertaining thereunto, including sufficient brass work to start a foundry.

I'd seen recruits before and thought I knew the breed from A to e-t-c., but I hadn't been aboard the Carolina a scant week before I realized that recruits has their little idiosyncrasies, same as cats and women. No two of my lusty crew thought alike and they all thought at the same time; so you see, sir, it was pretty much like setting off a pack of firecrackers, they were that jamborous.

I had calculated to get me a chicken out of that draft, the same being a nice young boy to bring up; but there wasn't a chicken in the whole lot. They were mostly tough old pullets and a few spiteful roosters with spurs. And, sir, Devine was the toughest and spitefullest of 'em all.

This Devine was hard as nails and showed it in every twist of his hulking body. He come from Hoboken, and your true Hobokenese is a rough-neck in every detail, from love of women to saloon brawls. Devine must have taken a post-graduate course at being tough. Fight!

Well, Devine could have picked up a good living fighting around clubs in preliminaries, and I reckon he'd have made a good headliner in the main bout.

Now you'll always find a few extra tough nuts aboard any ship, and the Carolina wasn't no exception; she had some good ones. Devine made it a special point to look 'em up and have a go at 'em. He cleaned up. Finally there was just one left and he was the big racket. Devine got him, too. It's like this:

Devine goes up on the fo'c's'le one evening to scrub out a suit of whites, and there he encounters this Short-jab Mullins, who gets that *nom de guerre* from the fact that he wears the heavyweight belt of the fleet, which he's won by a swift short jab that puts the then champion in the sick-bay with a busted jaw. The trouble between Mullins and Devine comes about over the hose for rinsing soap out of clothes. They both reach for it at the same time. Mullins, thinking of that belt he's wearing, pushes Devine aside. Mullins gets another belt when Devine comes back strong with a stiff right to the left breast. When it's all over Mullins gets the hose, but it's somebody playing it over his battered face trying to bring him to. That made Devine chief devil aboard and the honor went to his head, because he strutted like a peacock.

Now in the nature of human beings, sir, there's always a certain amount of glamour and magnetism about such a man as Devine. Of course, he had his followers even before the fight with Mullins, but when he puts Short-jab out of business his trusty band was added to until it comprised the biggest part of the ship's company. And Devine ruled his subjects like a king on a cannibal isle. He made 'em dance and sing. As for the ship's rules, Devine ignored 'em and made a set of his own. But when his rules run counter to them that's set down in the Blue Book it became necessary for King George, who's our First Luff, to show Devine where he'd erred by sticking him away in the brig for a week or ten days where he'd have time to think it over.

Even then, him being on bread and water with a full ration every third day, mess attendants managed to hollow out a loaf of bread and stuff it with regular grub to be smuggled in to Devine when the sentry's back was turned. And you can bet your life sentries always turned their backs when Devine's meal time came, because I ain't ever met the man that wants to be beat up by Devine. Only fools monkey with dynamite, sir.

But regardless of how Devine was stuck away in the brig, he managed to keep in fighting trim and sassy as a Bowery barkeep. It looked to me a heap like the officers couldn't do a thing with him. The skipper could have got rid of Devine by giving him an undesirable discharge, but he didn't want to do that. Under his devilishness there run a good paying streak through Devine and when the fit took hold of him he was an A-1 man.

Once I saw him drive the entire ship's company into putting on two thousand tons of coal in four hours, thereby winning the coaling prize for the period. He did it by sheer force of will and his two big fists, not forgetting the fear of him hanging in each man's heart. Another time I saw him go overside and pull a mate out of the North River when that turbulent stream was on the ebb and running like a millrace; and if you've ever seen the old Hudson at such a time, sir, you'll understand what a man's job that was. Another time he drags six men out of a fire-room where a six-inch steam pipe had burst. That got him forty odd days in the sick-bay with his arms and face like a piece of raw meat.

Such things as those couldn't help but make everybody, officers and men alike, admire Devine; but at the same time there wasn't a man aboard who didn't fear him. In spite of his good qualities Devine was pure devil and was chiefly concerned in making the Carolina a mad-house.

"Devine, I'm going to make you captain of side cleaners," says King George one day when Devine goes to the mast to get judged for some infraction of the rules.

"All right, sir," says Devine, who was expecting the usual ten days in the bull pen below decks.

"I give you carte blanche, Devine," says King George.

"Sir?" says Devine, with a squint in his eye.

That made King George smile a bit. You see, Devine hadn't had much education back in Hoboken.

"A free hand," explained King George. "I expect you to keep the sides spotless. If I should go out to inspect some day and find so much as a black dot on that white side I'll hang you to the signal-yard."

"You're on, sir," says Devine.

A severe look from King George quelled a riot of laughing, and Devine saluted and went away.

There's only thing to do when you get hold of a tough guy you can't handle—give him authority and responsibility. King George had an eye to the future when he appointed Devine captain of side cleaners. Devine's duties consisted altogether in keeping the sides of the ship in good condition against the searching eyes of passing admirals.

In those days the fleet was painted white and spar, not this dirty green it is now, and white picks up a heap of dirt, especially rust from bolt-heads and port shutters that goes streaking down over the side. Having a certain responsibility that way, Devine thereafter conducts himself more sedate and dignified out of respect for the Blue Book, and didn't feel so competent about leading his pals into devilment. It near broke up the little alcohol parties they used to have down in the anchor-engine house. Jimmy-legs went to rot on their jobs, you bet.

And I reckon Devine was about the best side cleaner the Carolina ever had, sir; King George looked special for leave-overs and found nothing but pure white and neat spar all around. Number Four brig went to rack and ruin, almost, for want of a tenant, because Devine wasn't doing no ten day sojourns at all; he was taking his three a day at general mess with the rest of us.

It happens we're anchored in Hampton Roads just off the Livingston Hotel early one July. A dozen or more ships of the fleet are there rendezvousing just prior to a jaunt to Bar Harbor for a few weeks' drill on the northern drill grounds. This Livingston Hotel is a monstrous affair standing out in front of everything, Fort Monroe squatting just behind. It's the biggest thing you see going into the Roads, that hotel. The management caters to the service, both arms of it, and many a gala event is pulled off under its roof. It's a swell place all around.

Well, on the Fourth, the same being some large day in this man's outfit, there's to be things doing ashore afternoon and evening—track-meets, swimming matches, base ball and a big spread at night at the hotel. In the afternoon our ball team was due to play the Kansas' team; and both of us being at the top, the Kansas leading by one game, there's big interest. If we win the game it was likely we'd win the pennant, because the season was unusually short that year owing to the fact that we had to go to the yards early to get ready for a cruise around the world. You remember that trip, sir.

The game being pulled off at the Fort grounds in the official way, society would turn out in their glad rags to witness the event. Much betting was going on, not only between us and the Kansas, but amongst the other ships in the fleet. The biggest bet recorded was the one between our skipper and the skipper of the Kansas, both of them well off in this world's kale. It was a thousand a side, the winner to donate the winnings to a big feed at the hotel for officers of the fleet and fort and their wives and friends. Swell event, yes.

The management of the hotel had kindly rigged up long tables on the lawn out in front of the hotel where the feed was to be spread at eight bells that evening, with dancing afterwards in the big ballroom inside. This gave the diners a go at the cool evening breezes and a chance to see the fleet illuminated after dark. They always illuminate the fleet that way on holidays and special occasions, and it's a sight worth any man's money.

Now if there was one bona fide baseball bug aboard the Carolina that bug was Devine. He was mighty near as good as

a brass band and a group of fog-horns when it come to rooting for the home team. In the interests of the noble art of rooting he had organized the ship's company into a gigantic rooting chorus. When Devine had his songsters going strong you could hear 'em as far as you can hear the report of a twelve-inch gun.

One night just immediate of the Fourth, while we were sitting around smoking and waiting for hammocks to go, Devine got out his four or five hundred warblers for a dress rehearsal, so to say. They hadn't warbled very long when King George gets a wireless from the yard three miles up the James River asking for details of the mutiny. King George asks Devine would he please put on the mufflers.

Well, along came the third of July and merges into the early morning of the glorious Fourth. Then some person or persons unknown spilled the beans. The beans weren't exactly spilled, sir, but they were pretty closely connected with what happened that day. We were to have baked beans for breakfast the morning of the Fourth, and as usual they were baked in a dozen or more big iron pots the afternoon and evening before and set out on the galley stove to settle and keep warm.

When the cook opened up his galley about four in the morning there were no more beans than a rat in evidence. Just empty pots, and even a few of the original number of them were missing. There was a big hatch just over the galley, and, to keep dishonest persons honest, King George had had a heavy wire netting bolted over the hatch. The cook looked up at the big hole that had been cut in the netting, then at the long handled boat-hook with one end resting on the galley stove and the other end passing out through the hatch above. It didn't need no Sherlock Holmes to understand what had happened in the wee hours.

That morning at breakfast we dined on cold corned beef, coffee and bread, that being the best that could be mobilized on the spur of the moment. And maybe the skipper and King George wasn't sore at that wanton depredation. They raved and tore their hair and swore they'd get the man or men who had perpetrated that atrocious crime and send them to prison for life.

After morning quarters we were mustered on the quarterdeck and the skipper made a little talk. He spoke to the point. Oh, my, yes! Maybe he didn't blaspheme the culprits, unknown though they were. He wound up with a plea for the guilty parties to step forward and confess like men. Then he stopped speaking and folded his arms across his breast, his eagle eyes taking in each man personal. He waited about fifteen minutes for a response, the while every man eyed his mates like they were pirates and ready for slaughtering, then none being forthcoming he twisted his lip savage like and spoke again.

"Very well, my men," says he. "The guilty men will either confess or none but officers and the ball team leave this ship to-day. I will give you till noon. Dismiss, Mr. Tolliver."

If the old man had told us he was going to blow up the ship at noon he couldn't have knocked us sillier.

The rest of that day was torture and misery and wore our nerves down to the raw edge. Every minute up to noon we were expecting to hear of the guilty being took with remorse and confessing their sin. Nothing doing. Those that are guilty have either died or they've got mumps and can't speak. You'd have thought you we e in heaven so innocent were the faces of that ship's company.

By noon every man was on his toes and them that weren't running around deck threatening all kinds of vengeance in the hopes of inducing the guilty to take offense and discover themselves, was standing at the rail looking off toward shore with mournful eyes. And chief amongst them that swore bloody vengeance was Devine. God pity the poor wretch that confessed when Devine was within striking distance; that party would have passed straightway to eternity without the preliminary of dying.

By the time I piped down for dinner Devine was a raving maniac. There was

n't no heart in that meal, sir, because you see the time limit had expired with me piping down. The liberty boat was due to leave at one-thirty, so right after dinner Devine plays a lone hand and goes to King George and asks to be let go ashore. That's the first time I ever heard of Devine begging for anything.

But Devine's begging was no good; King George states that he is not in command and ain't got no call to interfere with the orders of him that is, adding in a hinting way that it's a mighty good thing he ain't in command, else he would hang every man aboard in order to get the right man or men.

This is passed to me by the marine sentry who's doing duty at the First Luff's cabin at the time and hears the passage at arms between Devine and King George. Devine returns to the top-side dejected and downcast. He curses everybody aboard to let off steam, then settles down and says nothing more. But I'm the lucky guy and am told off to take charge of the liberty boat.

Well, come one-thirty, I get out the boat and bring it around to the port gangway and load the team and their gear. As we pull away from the ship there ain't enough men in sight to make a corporal's guard, just a few here and there looking sick and glum. As is usual in such cases the ship's company should have stood by to give the team a send-off; but if there were any cheers aboard the Carolina that afternoon they were rendered down in the double bottoms where they couldn't be heard. It was the saddest affair I ever attended.

I went to a funeral down in Guantanamo station once, sir, when the old Kearsarge buried seven men in one afternoon account of a turret explosion at Cape Cruz, and believe me if that wasn't a riot of fun compared with the present event. They ought to have hung black crape on the Carolina and called her dead.

Naturally, not having the moral support of the ship's company rooting like lunatics behind their backs, our men didn't have much show to win that game; they were beat before they went on the field. As I remember it, our crowd was to have the right field bleachers, the other gang taking the left field bleachers, the grandstand with its society and officers in between.

And maybe that society wasn't some splash; they looked like a lot of people out of a fairy book, every woman having on her Sunday dress and the officers in gold lace and cocked hats. And right in the van, so to speak, in adjoining boxes in the very center of the grandstand, sat the rival skippers and their parties.

Our skipper being cruel and unrelenting and upholding the dignity of discipline aboard his ship, I was about the only member of the Carolina's crew, except the ball team, to see that game. So when the manager of the affair interviewed our skipper and learned what had happened, he opened the right field bleachers to a few hundred civilians from Norfolk and other places nearby. You see, the audience would have looked lop-sided and unbalanced with one set of bleachers that way.

But I'll just skip along to what happened later, sir. Enough to say that the Carolina's team was beat eleven to one, and they got that lone score on a fluke. I think a Kansas man made it on purpose, out of pity.

Our team losing that way, it was up to our old man to shell out that thousand plunks he'd lost. It paid for the big feed. Feeling sorry for our boys, I reckon, the skipper of the Kansas asks our old man if he wouldn't let both teams sit in at the eats; and our skipper, being peeved about losing that thousand, was reluctant. He finally agreed and we went to bat at a long table just behind the speaker's table.

Oh, yes, there was going to be speaking, sir. Did you ever know the Fourth to sneak by without speeches? I'm not telling you what the various speakers said that evening, because I don't remember; I'm going to give you the gist of what our old man said in his speech.

He was some nifty speaker, too, our old man, and spread it on thick. While he felt disappointed, in a way humiliated, by being defeated on the field of honor, says he, he found consolation in the thought that only such a team as the Kansas' could turn the trick. It wasn't a kid's job to

beat the Carolina, says he. It was no more than natural, says he, that a vessel that had been longer in commission should be more highly organized and efficient, but he thought wonderful strides in that direction had been made aboard the Carolina. He broadly hinted that he was responsible for the strides.

Said our old man, he hoped to instill into the breast of the noble men under his command the virtue of loyalty to officers and ship that would eventually make the Carolina the trick ship of the fleet. He wasn't as open with his words as that, sir, but everybody there knew our old man was tossing nosegays at himself and brickbats at the Kansas' skipper. He spoke at length on the wonderful power of discipline and how no skipper could succeed in his profession without wielding the mailed fist. I took it that he was apologizing for not letting the Carolina's crew come ashore that afternoon.

"So ladies and brother officers," says he, "discipline is the foundation upon which rests the future of the service and this grand and glorious republic. Out there in the harbor you see the power of the nation of which the Carolina is no mean representative. In its surpassing beauty the Carolina—"

Just then a siren tooted and every ship burst into a glow from stem to stern and from rail to truck. There must have been a billion lights on those ships, sir. Between the masts of each ship was her name in big illuminated letters.

And plainly the Carolina was peer of them all. Our old man had sprung a surprise on all of us with his red, white and blue lights, the other ships sporting just plain white lights. The Carolina stood out like a blushing rose in a desert and was the target for all eyes. The little yelps of delight told she had made a big hit. Our old man smiled till I thought his head would crack open.

"Behold! brother officers," says he, looking the Kansas' old man straight in the eye, "you see what loyalty to a ship and harmony between officers and men will accomplish when—"

There the old man's voice broke off short like somebody had pulled his tongue out by the roots. There weren't no lights at the tables to speak of, only them little Japanese lanterns strung on wires, but I could mighty easy see our old man's face was white. He was groping around like a blind man for a table or chair or anything that would hold him up. It seemed like he was drunk, he was that unsteady on his pins.

What was it? Well, sir, it was sufficient. It was a bit of illumination that wasn't down on the bill, and the Carolina being moored broadside on, it was the biggest thing in the world. Standing out on that old Carolina's side from the bow to the break of the quarterdeck, and running from the base of the hammock netting to the armor belt in glowing, glaring, luminous letters was this:

THIS IS A HELL OF A SHIP

Who turned the trick? I don't know, sir; you guess. All I know is that the letters were luminous paint, and figured to be the same as our ordnance officer bought and paid for out of his own pocket to try out a new scheme of his, painting shells with the stuff so they could be traced at night firing instead of using the usual shell-base tracers. The paint happened to be the wrong kind for the purpose, however, because it wouldn't show till it got wet. The ordnance officer stowed it away in the paint lockers to be turned in when we went to the yard.

The paint must have been smeared on the side in the afternoon and water applied at the critical time. At the inquiry the boatswain reported that about half an hour after illumination had been turned on he found several hose running water on the superstructure deck, so it was figured that whoever pulled the trick stood on the hammock netting and let the water run down the side over the letters.

Devine? Well, I wasn't there and couldn't say. But remembering that Devine was Devine and had access to the ship's side and the paint lockers, and was a ball fan and a lot of other things, you—well, figure it out for yourself, sir. Thank you, sir, I'll take another glass of the same.

THE PROMISE

BY NATHAN CLOVER

A young man disturbs the quiet atmosphere of a home, upsetting the cat, the clock, and the old lady with the Bible. The domestic tranquility is further disrupted by the tracking of muddy feet and the banging of a fowling piece.

OUTSIDE the wind howled and the rain whittered against the panes; and inside the cat and the kettle sang to the fire, whose ruddy glow, after picking out every line and wrinkle in Granny's handsome old face, passed on to run in cloudy, radiant ripples up and down the body of the old grandfather's clock, ticking so solemnly away in the cozy corner by the stairs. It was a fine old clock, brass-dialed, broad-waisted, lofty-headed, and Granny loved it almost as much as she did the well-kept fowling piece, which, with its powder-horn hung on the opposite side to the winking, blinking warming pan. Everything in Granny's house blinked, from the brass candle-sticks standing on each side of the china "Castle-in-Spain" on the mantleshelf to the little knob on the parlor door, yet nothing there was brighter or held more fire than did the black eyes now so musingly fixed upon the train of sparks leaping from the beech-log at the back of the fire and away up the chimney like a crowd of fiery gnats. She had been reading the story of the Great Betrayal, and now, as always, it had moved her to tears; indeed, one still lay glistening brightly on the gnarled old hands, lying folded so lightly over the Book, which, through all her hard life, had meant so much to her.

"And for so many miserable pieces of silver he was willing to sell that Precious Life," murmured she. "Ah, deary me, I'm thinking that Judas must have had a bad up-bringing, for a boy up-brought rightly canna go wrong. No, that he can't. Take daughter Mary's son, now. Could ever a lad have had a worse father than him?—and yet a better, more God-fearing lad couldn't be!—always first in chapel and loudest at praise an' prayers. Ay, an' meek too, for there was no lad in the village could ever force our Jonah to fight—try they never so hard! An' now he's getten a good place in Lunnon town and sends his Old Granny money reg'lar so that she shan't want for aught. There's not many like him—no! No! 'But it's thy up-bringing has done it, Dame,' says Minister; and maybe—maybe 'tis so, for I did try hard and pray hard, to be sure. Poor daughter Mary, 'twere hard on her to have to give up life so's that babe should come into it. Deary me, what a night it is to be out in, and how the wind do come sweeping up the Gap. I hope to goodness it ain't like this in the Low Countries where our boys be,—*What's that?*"

A hand on the latch, a stumbling step across the floor, and a rain-soaked, fearful figure crouching against the lap he had so often knelt at as a little, little child, the mingled rain and sweat running down his desperate white face from the tousled red hair, drip-drip-dripping on the Book still lying open across Granny's knee; and in the tense little silence that followed his appearance she could distinctly hear the mad, wild beating of his laboring heart.

"Granny!" he gasped, "Granny! You—you won't give me up?"

"Give thee up, lad, give thee up? Jonah! Jonah! What hast done?"

"Naught wrong, Granny, but I was coming up through the Gap when the soldiers, without even challenging, attacked me; so, downing one of their fellows, I made a run for home and you, you whom I

haven't seen these two whole years!"

"Didst kill him lad, or only wound him?"

"I don't know, but if they catch me they'll punish me heavily whichever way it's gone."

"No hands save mine ever punished thee, lad, and none ever shall," returned Granny, quietly.

"Wilt swear it, Granny?" he cried.

"Nay, lad, surely thou dost not need more than a promise from me? Was ever one broken I made thee? Did ever one go unkept?"

"No, Granny, never. And you'll tell them—you'll tell them—" Then checking himself suddenly he looked fearfully towards the door; and, as he knelt gazing with haggard eyes, she sensed also that quick, light tread of disciplined feet.

"God!" he whispered, through his stiffening lips, "God! They're here!"

"Quick!" whispered the old woman, and raising him with her still vigorous hands, dragged him over to where the great, old clock stood and thrust him well within the case just as the outer door burst open to admit two men. One was tall, light and handsome in the brave uniform of the cornet of horse, the other dark, silent and dour, and by his dress evidently a sergeant in a regiment of the line; and it was he Granny feared most, for the face showing above the high, stiff stock of those days was the face of a hunter, and the eyes those of a hawk.

"Good evening to you, Granny," cried the young fellow. "Didn't know I was home from the Low Countries, did you?"

"No, Squire, that I didn't, but it's rare and glad I am to see you! A glass of currant wine and a bit of cake wouldn't come amiss now, I'm thinking, on a night like this."

"Not to-night, Granny," returned the boy, gently; and in her fear she saw how he stilled the fretting sergeant with a touch. "You see, we've other fish to fry to-night. Haven't you heard the news?"

"The news, Squire?" she asked standing boldly betwixt the two men and the now silent clock. "Nay, how should a stay-at-home like me hear any news?"

"Why," said he, "there's a regular hue and cry on in the Gap to-night!"

"Ay, indeed sir." Do what she would she could not still the trembling of her brave old lip. "And after what?"

"A spy," sternly, " a damned, Jesuitical spy, who, thinking to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, got caught at last; but the careless guards, having for a second relaxed their vigilance, he was too smart for them and, taking his chance and a dive through the coach window together, has made good his escape; so now we're seeking him in every hole and corner. They attached me to the party and so I volunteered to come up here, lest, seeing strangers in uniform, you should be alarmed. You haven't seen anything of the fellow, I suppose, Granny?"

But Granny did not answer this; instead standing straight and level-eyed, she quietly asked him what a spy really was.

"Judas was a spy," was the stern answer, "and just as he, using his pretended love for the Master, used it to betray Him, so has this other used his religion to betray his king and country! Ah, Granny, I hope we find him, for it's not so much the enemy without we've got to fear as the enemy within! However," turning to where the tall, taciturn sergeant stood by the table, "it seems the fellow is not here, so we might as well go—eh, Sergeant?"

"That's rather an odd stain on the Book, old woman," remarked the sergeant, gently, laying his finger on the darkly blotted page. "Whence came it?"

"From these old eyes, my lad," returned she, giving him back look for look.

"And that upon the floor?" asked he, lifting his lip in a sudden sneer as he glanced down at the already half obliterated mark left by those craven knees.

"The cat sat there," whispered Granny, "and 'tis a wild, wet night."

The sergeant, stooping, ran his hand over the cat's dry fur, then whistling softly to himself went to the door and flung it wide.

"Come in and rummage, lads," he cried. "He's either been—or is still—here! Try the bedroom first!"

They went, stamping roughly up, the candle-light making grotesque masks of their indifferent wind-reddened, rain-washed faces and running also in lines of pale fire along the dark, blue ribbon of the fixed bayonets, from whose grim menace Granny could scarcely drag her eyes away to where the beloved fowling piece hung high against the chimney wall.

"Squire," said she, and long afterwards he remembered with wonder how quietly she spoke, how calmly she moved, "have you still a mind to buy the old man's fowling piece?"

"Have I still a mind, Granny? Ay, two for that matter! But you don't mean to say you're willing to sell, at last? Why, I thought it was to go to Jonah—with all the rest."

"Life," answered the old woman, handling the piece lightly, "is uncertain. Wilt take the gun or no?"

"Won't I? Why, I've been coveting it ever since I was *so* high! How many guineas do you want for it, Dame?"

"As many as will pay for that piece of land we all must come to at the last, Squire, and no more."

"How odd you are to-night, Granny!"

"He's not up here, Sergeant," bellowed a voice from above.

"No?" returned the sergeant. "Ha! Well—come along down then." His eyes, those quick grey eyes, cold as steel and as merciless, swept the warm, little interior, passed the clock, came back to stay there; and then, with a little chuckle, he stepped forward, followed by his two big men.

"Your clock needs winding, old woman," said he, "and I think," with a grim glance at the glinting bayonets, "that I've got a key that'll fit! Mind how you hold that gun—you old fool! Look out, sir!" to the squire.

"Take care, Granny!" cried he, starting back from that grimly leveled muzzle. "Take care! Ah!"

There was a flash, a crash, a sound of splintering wood, and, from within the clock, the sound as of something running down and down.

"For I promised," whispered she, gazing past the four awed men at that which had already begun to creep darkly out from beneath the splintered clock. *"For—I—promised!"*

NEXT month: NICHOLAS DRAKOS GOES HOME *by James Henry Thompson.* You meet Nicholas every day. He's the fellow who works in the subway and breathes the air that smells like the inside of a bicycle pump, or drives a farm tractor in the wheat belt and breathes the pure ozone, or runs the corner fruit store—the one with the olive-oil window display. He thrives in any atmosphere or environment and eventually saves enough money to go back to the old country, to live like a prince, to marry some nice girl and settle down in a mud house with all the comforts of home, including two kinds of cold water just outside the door.

HOME

BY WALTER A. DYER

"His master's voice" and "the call of the wild" arouse conflicting emotions in the breast of an English setter. It is the human element rather than environment that counts in the choice between the red-headed boy and the nice lady in the white spats.

IVINGTON Street, from the Bowery to Eldridge Street, where the Settlement House and Public School Number 20 face each other, is a typical East Side thoroughfare, lined with small stores, steps leading to dingy basement shops, and the narrow entrances to populous tenements.

The first warm sunshine of April acts like magic on Rivington Street. It swa ms into life like an ant-hill. Shawled women, sometimes with burdens on their heads, but more often with babes in their arms, stand gossiping on the sidewalk, or bartering with the push-cart hucksters along the curb. Aged folk, long housed, stand dumbly soaking in the warmth on doorsteps. Eager merchants throw wide their doors, inviting all and sundry to step within. Dirty, strangely self-reliant children in considerable numbers thread their way about among the sidewalk throngs and overflow into the streets.

The charm of Rivington Street lies in the chance encounter with the incongruous and the unexpected—the fine, keen face and visioning eyes of a Hebrew scholar among the sordid, greasy tradesmen of his race; the hectic gaudiness of a painted woman, passing with defiant eyes among her respectable and maternal, if somewhat drab and shapeless, sisters; a child sitting squarely in the middle of the street, oblivious of rattling traffic, nursing a potted geranium; a handsome black cat, sleek and apparently well fed, stalking majestically across the street with as much unconcern as if she had all outdoors to herself.

It was such a sight on such an April morning that gave Mrs. Bruce Abington a little thrill of surprise as she passed along Rivington Street on her way to see Lucy Copeland at the Settlement House. Mrs. Abington did not realize that she, with her white gaiters and her white furs and her dainty grace of manner, was the most incongruous thing in Rivington Street. It did not occur to her that she was a much more noticeable object of attention than the little red-haired boy and the old setter dog sitting in the doorway over Jacob Strunsky's basement hardware establishment. But something about the boy and the dog struck Mrs. Abington's dramatic sense. There was an artistic contrast here that appealed to her strongly.

It happened that Mrs. Abington knew something about setters. Beside the snub-nosed, red-headed, ghetto-bred urchin on the doorstep sat, not the appropriate dirty-white mongrel of the streets, but one of those nobles of dogdom whose aristocracy is as apparent in a crowded, littered East Side thoroughfare as upon a bench at Southampton or on the Tennessee stubble. He was evidently an old dog, with all of the dignity that comes with years of honorable achievement. He was large for an English setter, powerful, rangy, a blue Belton with inky black patches. He sat on his haunches, holding his head well back in that typical setter pose that sportsmen know so well. The depth of his chest, the soft length of his ears, the dome of his head all spoke of breeding. His sensitive nostrils quivered constantly as he pointed his nose to right and left; he gazed calmly out upon the busy world through eyes whose depths expressed gentle fidelity and infinite wisdom.

To Mrs. Abington, swayed by that prej-

udice which every honest dog lover must confess, a good English setter was the last word in canine development. She fairly gasped at the sheer beauty of this one, at the heart and brain which every motion, every glance reflected. And he was no common member of his breed; she was well enough versed in dog lore to recognize nobility when she saw it. Every line, every hair of him told of the ancient blood of Laverack and Llewellyn; there was something about him that was reminiscent of Count Gladstone and Prince Whitestone. He was one of the elder statesmen of a famous race.

As she approached she wondered how this shaggy gentleman, this probable champion of field and bench, could have found his way into Rivington Street. She tried to recall whether she had heard of any famous setters that had been lost or stolen. She gazed keenly at him, tempted to investigate, but before she had determined upon a course of action she had passed on.

At the corner of Eldridge Street she paused and glanced back. Rivington was swarming with humanity, on the sidewalks, in the roadway, hanging out of tenement house windows. A babel of sound, a mingling of strange, foreign odors, added realism to the spectacle. It was life, colorful, intense, the teeming life of the massed city. And there on the doorstep beside the red-headed boy, alert but calm and unmoved, sat the contrast of it all, a creature whose attitude and being flooded Mrs. Abington's mind with visions of brown fields and gorgeous autumn woods, of men in khaki with guns, of the sudden, startling whir of quail and grouse, of the wide ranging of tireless dogs with a scent more keen than eyesight. He appeared to her as the incarnation of the out-of-doors, the genius of wood and field, the spirit of wide spaces, held prisoner within these walls of brick.

An hour or two later Mrs. Abington retraced her steps, with an eye watchful for the old setter. It was half way down the block that she saw him. Something had happened, she was not sure what; perhaps some boys had teased the dog and driven him in among the push-carts, and an irate huckster had kicked him out of the way. She was not sorry to have missed the sight. At any rate, he came loping back along the sidewalk, dodging the pedestrians, his eyes and ears turned backward and his tail drooping, the picture of an abused dog.

Mrs. Abington was indignant. The sight of an ill-used animal always aroused her resentment, but here was a canine personage, a creature that should have lived in a mansion, that should have been toasted at sportsmen's banquets; he was out of his element entirely; he was suffering indignities at the hands of persons who did not, could not, understand.

She spoke to him as he passed her, but he only gave her a hasty, sidelong look and hurried on. She turned and watched him as he sought the tenement doorway where she had seen him first. The red-headed boy was just coming out. The dog trotted up to him, his tail once more assuming a horizontal position, and the two sat down again on the step.

Mrs. Abington turned back and approached them.

"Is this your dog?" she asked.

The boy looked up at her suspiciously and nodded.

"What is his name?"

"Spot," said the boy.

He did not appear inclined to enter into a lengthy conversation. Mrs. Abington patted the dog's head with her gloved hand, a caress which Spot accepted calmly and with dignity. The boy threw a protecting arm about the dog's shoulders.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Mickey Strunsky."

That explained the red hair and blue eyes in combination with the Semitic features, and the thought passed through Mrs. Abington's mind that the dog possessed the purer breeding of the two. She regarded Spot more closely. Somehow he looked ill cared for and ill fed. She began to wonder if there might not be some way of rescuing him from his unfit surroundings.

A large, red-faced Irish woman oppeared in the doorway. "Come in, Mickey," she said in a rich brogue, "I want ye."

"You're the boy's mother?" asked Mrs. Abington.

"Sure," she replied.

"And this is his dog, he says."

"Sure."

"He seems like a fine dog."

"Oh, he's all right, but he eats too much. A tinemint's no place for a big dog like him."

"He's different from most of the dogs around here," said Mrs. Abington, feeling her way. "Where did he come from?"

"Oh, we got him straight enough, if that's what ye mane," replied Mrs. Strunsky, a bit aggressively. "He was Dr. Burke's dog."

Mrs. Abington had heard of Dr. Burke through her friends at the Settlement,—a somewhat eccentric character who had seen fit to devote his talents and professional ability to ill-paid work among the East Side poor, and who had left a year or so before to continue his services among the hospitals of France.

"He saved Mickey's life whin the kid had the infantile p'ralysis, and whin he left for the Red Cross he gave his dog to us."

With Dr. Burke out of the country, Mrs. Abington saw little chance of learning much regarding Spot's pedigree, but she had no doubt as to his breeding.

"You find the gift something of a burden, then?"

"Sure," said Mrs. Strunsky.

Mrs. Abington pondered. There came before her mind a picture of the Long Island estate where she was to spend the summer. As she looked at the old setter she wondered if he must not long sometimes for the open spaces, the feel of stiff stubble between his toes, and the thrilling scent of game. Her sympathies were so completely engaged by the dog that she gave but little thought to the silent boy.

"If you knew that he would have a good home in the country," she ventured, "would you consider letting him go?"

"We might," said Mrs. Strunsky.

"Suppose we put it this way. I could take Spot out to Long Island with me for the summer and autumn. He is a hunting dog, you know, and I think he would enjoy the chance to stretch his legs once more. Anyway, we could see how he seemed to like it. Then, in the fall, you could decide whether you would be willing to part with him for good, and if so, and if he seemed happy with us, I would buy him from you. How would that work?"

Mrs. Strunsky's eyes narrowed and neither woman noticed the convulsive movement with which Mickey drew the dog to his breast.

"Sure, that sounds all right," said Mrs. Strunsky.

Morris, the chauffeur, who was sent down to get Spot in May reported that something like a family storm had taken place, with a rebellious show of temper and wild grief on Mickey's part, followed by some sort of chastisement; but Mrs. Abington's thoughts were on the dog. The mongrel Mickey had not appealed to her.

At Moonrise, the Abington place on Long Island, it was Tom Upham who took old Spot in hand. Mr. Abington, like his wife, was a lover of dogs and of sport, but it had been some years since he had shot over setters and pointers in the Carolinas and had followed the field trials with a keen and appreciative eye for the wonderful performers on the circuit. He looked Spot over, stood him up as a bench-show judge does, examined his points critically, pronounced a favorable verdict, and then turned him over to Tom and forgot about him.

Upham was a gardener by trade, but a British sportsman by nature and tradition, and he had long deplored the empty kennels at Moonrise. Mrs. Abington's Poms and Pekes and Boston Terriers interested him but little. Even the splendid German shepherd dog that she owned one season failed to win his admiration. Tom took this dog, Junker, out into the open one day, and watched him with increasing scorn. Junker strode proudly over the little prairie or leaped and ran among the thickets, but the field scents and the possibility of finding birds apparently meant nothing to him.

"'E ain't no dog," was Tom's verdict. "'E's a tame wolf; that's wot 'e is."

But when Spot arrived it was different. Here was a kind of dog the Englishman

could understand, a dog that could trot tirelessly about in the heather all day, with a swift, level motion, and freeze to a statuesque point when the breeze brought the right message to his sensitive nostrils. Upham's heart expanded and he bore a new air of importance about the place.

In three weeks he had the setter looking as fine and fit as a two-year old, his eyes bright and alert, his coat clean and silky. It was like a renewal of youth to Spot, this return to the broad stretches of countryside and the birdy clumps and thickets. If he had forgotten anything of the lore of his early days, the new environment promptly recalled it. His handler, with obvious satisfaction, watched him rapidly develop a working form that told of perfect training and the finest Llewellyn blood.

"Wait till fall comes," he bragged, "an' the shootin' season opens, an' ye'll see wot 'e can do. Ye'll see the ol' man takin' notice then. I'll lay ye me job on it, there ain't a better bred, faster goin', birdier setter on Long Island than this 'ere, for all 'e may be eight or ten years old. An' by fall 'e'll be at the top of 'is form."

Old Spot indeed lived a life of luxury such as he had not known for many a long day. Mrs. Abington watched his evident improvement and listened to Tom Upham's encomiums with pleasure, and congratulated herself that she had rescued Spot from surroundings that were killing him and that she had restored a great bird dog to his own.

All her efforts to learn something of Spot's identity, of his claim to a place in the canine hall of fame, were failures, but she and Tom agreed that he must be the scion of a noble line. And she was further delighted by Spot's growing fondness for herself. He had the affectionate disposition of his tribe and it was not in him to remain indifferent toward those who were kind to him.

Meanwhile, a small, red-headed boy, who didn't count, was wont to sit alone on a hard stone step in the heart of the great, noisy populous city, gazing out upon the human tide with sullen eyes in which lay the melancholy of a repressed grief.

As for Spot,—rechristened Spotswood of Moonrise, because such a name looks better in the stud book,—he accepted his new position as one born to the purple. Who can say what visions of fields and woods and whirring wings had hovered before his lustrous, liquid eyes during those years in the dingy city? Who can measure the joy that now came to him through their realization? Like a liberated bird, spreading its pinions to the free air and trilling forth a song of rapture, Spot covered the green miles about Moonrise with a free, elastic gait that was a delight to the eye, and though he could not sing, though the rules of the game forbid a setter's giving voice while in action, there were times when a single bark broke forth from his throat that expressed the utter joy of living. Yes, he had longed for it, the scent of the sweet fern, the elastic touch of the brown earth. It was good to be alive, to run, to sniff the thousand delectable odors that are not man-made, to follow the instincts bred in his blood for a hundred generations. The hard, blistering pavements were forgotten, the strange, meaningless smells of tenements and city streets, the cruelty of jostling crowds, the irksomeness of restraint.

At least, Mrs. Abington and Tom Upham supposed they had been forgotten, as they watched the dog's delight in his natural haunts and activities. It was no more than normal that a dog like Spot, with his traditions and instincts, should yearn for the life of the open, and, when that had been attained, should forget the unpleasant episode of city life that had no real place in his existence.

But the canine heart knows impulses and ties that transcend the power of hereditary instinct and that are beyond the comprehension even of dog-wise people like Mrs. Abington and Tom Upham. As the summer days passed pleasantly by, old Spot began to grow unaccountably restless, like a busy man whose holiday has been long enough.

It was pure joy to be out there on the plains and in the woods with good Tom Upham. The life of the open had given Spot new vigor of mind and body. But somewhere inside him there was that which

tugged and drew him elsewhere. He was vaguely conscious of a call more potent than the call of the birds and the bracken. And it would not be denied.

On a hot night in August it came upon him as he lay in his comfortable kennel listening to the night sounds of the country. There came to him a picture of a crowded street that never slept, of a hot city roof whereon lay slumbering forms to be guarded. Who was guarding them now? Who lay, watchful and alert, beside the little master, in that fearful, strange-smelling, strange-sounding city? The touch of kind hands, the sound of kind voices had become an everyday matter in old Spot's life, but into his heart there crept an intense, insistent longing for just one pair of arms about his neck, for the sound of just one voice in his ear.

He was free to go; it had been some weeks now since they had taken the trouble to chain him at night. Restless and unable to sleep, he walked out into the starlit open and sniffed the night breeze. It told him many things of the house, the stables, the country beyond, but it failed to bear him the message he sought. He wandered about the premises, uncertain still as to the nature of the call that urged him, turning hesitantly this way and that, nosing the ground and sniffing the air.

At length he made his way to the road and stoood looking doubtfully to the right and to the left. He ran a little way to the north and then circled about and returned. At last he appeared to reach a decision. With one last look over his shoulder at the familiar buildings and grounds of Moonrise, he turned, leaped a low hedge, and started off at a steady trot across the fields toward the west. And Moonrise, that haven of refuge for a city-weary dog, that delectable center of kindness and joyous activity, knew him no more.

No one, I think, pretends that the dog possesses the unerring homing instinct of the carrier pigeon. Even the cat commonly displays greater cleverness than the dog in finding its way back to remembered places. But there are plenty of recorded instances to prove that the dog is as sure and persistent in his search for the homeward trail as any other creature, when the motives are strong enough. And his motives are those of the heart and the affections, guided by a superior intelligence, creating an impulse more wonderful than the blind instinct of the birds, or the blundering reasoning of mankind.

Do not ask me how Spot knew east from west, or the direction in which lay Manhattan. Ask your own dog how he recognizes the sound of your footfall among a hundred others, and if he tells you, you will understand. Spot was often perplexed by the curious turning of roads and the intervention of inexplicable obstacles. His course was indirect, made long by errors and detours, but steadily it brought him nearer to the one spot on earth that was home for him.

Often he was hungry and thirsty, but he had been well fed and he found here and there the means of partially satisfying his needs. He slept by night or by day whenever sleep became imperative and whenever a secluded spot was to be found.

At length he came upon the streets of cities, ever becoming more and more populous and offering fewer opportunities for food and rest. But he never faltered in his purpose, and as the way became more confusing, his conviction grew stronger that he was nearing his goal.

Spot was no longer young. His feet grew sore, his once tireless legs became stiff and lame. He ran wearily, weakly, but he kept steadfastly on.

No man can say how he managed to find his way through the mazes of city streets, but the third night found him dodging a watchful policeman and entering the eastern approach to the Williamsburg bridge. It was after midnight and the foot-paths were nearly deserted. The road lay straight ahead to the city of myriad lights. At first Spot was terrified by the occasional roar of the trains on the lower level, but he soon became accustomed to them and plodded steadily on.

At the center of the bridge he paused for a minute or two to rest his tired legs and pant a little. A cool, refreshing breeze

blew across the river and the dog sniffed at it eagerly. Is it possible that there is a distinctive Manhattan smell that a dog may recognize? I cannot say. At any rate, he would not linger long, but pressed on.

Toward the western end of the bridge he encountered more people, who had left their stifling tenements for a breath of cooler air. But Spot knew how to avoid people; their familiar presence seemed to stimulate him to renewed efforts.

By the time he reached Delancy Street he was no longer in doubt. Limping painfully, he trotted along the hot, hard pavements toward Rivington.

East of Second Avenue the world never sleeps in summer. Rivington Street was not packed with masses of humanity as it had been a few hours before; the push-carts had departed, leaving the gutters free for the passage of home-coming dogs. But there were people enough there to recall the old, familiar scenes. The "spicy, garlic smells" from the tenement houses were as sweet to Spot's sensitive nostrils as the scent of pine and prairie grass. The touch of the field stubble, the green of meadow and woodland, the sound of whirring wings and of the kindly voices of Tom Uphham and Mrs. Abington were all forgotten, as the old dog sought a humble, dingy doorstep beside a sordid little shop.

The door was open and Spot dragged himself into the entry and up the narrow, dirty stairs. The doors above were closed. but outside of one of them he sniffed long and luxuriously. It was not a smell that should have gladdened the heart of a high-born setter, but it gladdened the heart of old Spot. He found that which told him that all was well, and, utterly exhausted, he dropped down upon the bare floor, content to rest and doze and dream happy dreams, waiting patiently for the morning and the glad reunion.

We humans think that we understand the meaning of home, but that is because we have never been dogs.

THREE APRIL STORIES

CUPID'S GOSLING *by George Gilbert.* A man is at a disadvantage who, when applying for a job or making love, is conscious that his one suit is out of shape. The best remedy is the tailor's gosling; but when, as in this case, the gosling becomes involved in the plot and scorches where it should press, complications are bound to arise.

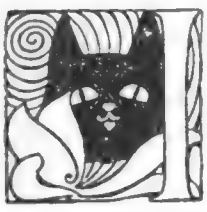
THE LAND TURTLE *by Edward Harry Hauenstein,* a chapter from the life of an ancient underslung motor car, whose eccentric habits amuse the public and make its owner an object of ridicule.

TAINTED MONEY *by John D. Swain,* the sad story of a backswoodsman who is trimmed of some of his excess profits in a city gambling house and comes back later for a new deal.

EVE'S DAUGHTERS

BY ANNA BROWNELL DUNAWAY

The personal magnetism of this daughter of Eve is not the brand that made Jeff Peters famous. It is the kind that Auntie Miller had when she was younger and is never tired of talking about now that she is twenty-nine.



DO not deny that there are Eves as well as Adams. In making this statement I am not retracting anything from my belief in man's mormonistic tendency. I am merely giving the devil his due.

However, I am not considering the Eves of a well known type, the bold, painted kind with penciled eyebrows and rouged cheeks; but the demure, innocent, trusting variety who teach in Sabbath School and keep a weather eye toward the young men's Bible class.

The spit curls of an older day, the ear tabs, the beau catchers, and the marcel waves are but the outward and visible signs of an army of Eves with one aim only—to conquer and to be conquered.

If every man is at heart a Lothario, every woman is at heart a vampire. With all deference to my sex I make this immutable statement. But the vast majority of women, wives and mothers, home loving women (I say it to their everlasting credit) are content to be vampires to only one man—their husbands. To this end they wrap him round their jeweled fingers and rest content.

But there are women who are born flirts and peace destroyers. They smile with kittenish wantonness at the grocer's boy, the ice man or the driver of the garbage cart. They wring smiles alike from the visiting pastor and the most hardened bill collector. And thereby hangs this tale.

If there ever was a daughter of Eve, it was Fleta Morrow. The Morrows were distant connections of Henry's, and I must say that in this one particular, at least, they "took after" each other. That is, Fleta and Henry. For Fleta was a born coquette, and Henry—but why reiterate?

For the life of me I couldn't see what made Fleta so attractive to men. Her mouth was too large and her eyebrows almost met above her little tilted nose. But she did have wonderful hair, wavy and shining, with now and then a glint of gold.

There was something elusive about her, call it charm if you will, that seemed to draw men strangely. From her youth up she reveled in what Westerville termed "fellows."

She certainly had a fetching way with her. She used to come over to our house evenings and the way she would deport herself with Henry was something to talk about. It would be, "You look so tired to-night, Cousin Henry;" or, "How do you like me in this hat, Cousin Henry?" And he, man-like, would rise to the bait and tell her she was a peach, and all such nonsense. But it didn't worry me in the least. I had too firm a grip on Henry myself. A woman who has held the average man's affections for twelve years has learned the tricks of the trade—to the extent, at least, of discarding curl papers and Mother Hubbards in his presence.

There were two of the Morrow girls, Nerissa being the elder. She was not in the least like Fleta and ever so much prettier. I never could understand why Henry didn't admire Nerissa as he did Fleta. She was the loveliest thing, with a sort of pale, cold beauty. Her hair was like a pale gold flame, and her face reminded one of chiseled marble. There was not a dimple or a freckle or a scar to mar its exquisite surface. Looking at

her, I could not but think that her face was typical of Madame De Staal's description, "frozen music."

"Give me freckles," said Henry, when we were discussing the sisters one evening, "or a tilted nose, or a wide mouth or something irregular. Nerissa's too perfect to be real flesh and blood. Imagine that goddess dishing up sockeye salmon balls with cream sauce!"

Which remark goes to prove the truth of the statement about the road to a man's heart. Really, I blushed for Henry's materialism. So I remarked with some asperity:

"I would as soon imagine that as to imagine her wearing a short skirt that exposed two inches of stocking, as Fleta does. It's a sight to make strong men weep."

"They wouldn't take time for weeping," grinned Henry. "Besides, it isn't what a woman wears, but what she is that drives us crazy. Eve didn't wear much of anything, and Adam traded Paradise for her. And the old Adam of to-day will do it, too. Why, I'd stick to you," declared Henry, warming to the occasion, "if you wore a lamp shade."

After which graceful tribute, I was fain to retire from the lists, leaving Henry in possession of the field.

It was the following Saturday afternoon that Fleta ran in to see me. She was teaching in the neighboring town of Mapleton and this was her first visit in several weeks.

"Did you come home?" I inquired in mock severity, "because there are no more worlds to conquer?"

She shook her head smilingly.

"I came home to get away from the tiresome men. Do you know, Nell, I had a mother come to the schoolhouse yesterday and tell me I had broken her son's heart. He is a great hulking boy. I never thought of such a thing. I have been out with him maybe twice. And last night there were five men in Mrs. Turley's parlor where I board. Nell, why is it? I don't flirt. I don't even try to attract them. I wond--," she continued absently, as if to herself, "if it isn't my hair."

But I knew, pretty as it was, that it was not the hair. It was that inherent quality of Mother Eve. All women possess it in a more or less dormant state. In Fleta it was fully developed.

"I am fairly pestered with men." Fleta stated the fact calmly, dispassionately, not with the least conceit. "Only last week my respectable old music teacher—a regular old fossil, proposed to me. Why is it? I'm sure I don't do anything."

"Nothing," I observed astutely, "except keep all your little banners flying."

She looked aggrieved.

"Do you mean that I am a flirt?" she demanded.

"You are not exactly a duenna," I returned.

She sat silent for several minutes, then she said carelessly:

"I spent the other evening at Wilbur Farr's. They have the coziest little home. Wilbur has grown a little stout and is handsomer than ever."

"'Woodman,'" said I paradoxically, "'spare that tree.' How is Clovis?"

"I never saw her look better," replied Fleta. "Positively radiant. They are just like a pair of turtle doves. And what is this about Nerissa's beau? I understand she has a bad case on the new professor. And she's wearing a diamond."

"Of course," said I. "It has been going on ever since he came in September. The young professor is fairly carried away with Nerissa. It has been a whirlwind courtship."

Just then Henry came in.

"Hello, Coz," he greeted admiringly.

"Hello," said she. "Here, have this chair, poor man. You look all fagged out. I just know you're working too hard."

"Sure thing," returned Henry, swelling up like a poisoned toad, "though nobody thinks so but you and me, fair cousin."

"I would be more impressed with the fact," said I coolly, "if you had been working at anything more arduous than a poker game. As it is, the furnace needs shaking down."

Henry grinned.

"'Atalanta,'" quoted he, in mock-tragic tones, "'do not marry.' It will be your

ruin. I am treated like a galley slave, 'scourged to my dungeon.'"

"I should worry," returned Fleta, laughing archly. "You have him well trained, Nell."

"What do you take Henry for?" I demanded, somewhat nettled. "A performing bear?"

"Oh, Nell, you'll be the death of me," laughed Fleta. "Won't you take me home, Cousin Henry?"

I assure you that he needed no second invitation. He buttoned on his coat with alacrity, and as they went out I noticed that Fleta clung to his arm as if it were a life saver. And Henry minced along with the gait of a Freshman. But what could one expect? It was the eternal feminine as well as the eternal masculine.

Fleta stayed for a week, there being an epidemic of measles in the Mapleton schools. I did not see her again till the following Wednesday when she stopped in, all sparkling and glowing. She was in a nifty skating costume and, all powdered as she was with a soft, fine snow, she looked like one of these Winter Girl pictures in a calendar. A man had stood with her at the gate, and looking out, I saw that it was Professor Larimer

"We have been skating," said Fleta, toasting her hands before the grate. "The ice is superb."

"Wasn't that Professor Larimer?" I asked sternly. "And where is Nerissa?"

"Oh," said she lightly, though I noticed she seemed ill at ease, "Nerissa was to go, but she had a cold and she told me to go in her place. Really, Nell, I am crazy about Professor Larimer. He is absolutely the handsomest man I ever saw. Oh, I'm not doing anything to him, nothing at all!" She blushed under my accusing look. "Of course I know he belongs to Nerissa."

But somehow, I felt vaguely uneasy. I knew Fleta so well, and then, too, I knew something about men. That evening I confided my fears to Henry. He grinned understandingly.

"Nerissa'd better get spliced," said he. "Nothing but a marriage contract will save her now."

"And even that isn't especially binding," I returned, "from a man's viewpoint."

"At least," defended Henry virtuously, "you have no kick coming, old girl."

I smiled, but did not press the point. However I resolved to get my wits to work and see what could be done. But pressing duties intervened and it was Saturday before I had an opportunity to drop in and see Nerissa.

It was about five when I called and the maid informed me that Mrs. Morrow was out, also Miss Fleta, but Miss Nerissa was in her room.

I am not given to premonitions, but something sinister burst in upon my consciousness at her words. The great, old-fashioned house was so silent. It held a hushed, deserted air, and the coals had blackened in the grate.

With mounting dread I climbed the stairs and knocked on Nerissa's door. I waited for what seemed ages but there was no response. Finally, a key turned in the lock, the door opened, and Nerissa faced me. Her head was held high, and her cheeks, usually so transparent, were ablaze with color. I had never seen her look so beautiful and yet so despairing.

"Nerissa," I said gently, "what is it? Tell Nellie, darling."

She drew me in and shut the door.

"There is nothing to tell," she said briefly, "really—nothing."

But I knew better. There was that in her face that told me that she had received a terrible blow.

"Why," I questioned searchingly, coming to a swift conclusion, "why has Fleta gone out with the man to whom you are engaged?"

"Nellie," she cried chokingly, struggling with her composure, "listen. I must tell somebody—I—I wouldn't have believed it of Fleta—my sister. She—she—"

"Yes, yes," I encouraged, "she got around him—"

"No, no, not that!" cried Nerissa. "It was deliberate, it was planned. Paul would not have been a party to it! When he came with his sleigh, I ran upstairs to put on my wraps and told Fleta to let him in. When I came down all hooded and cloaked, they had gone!"

"Then she has resorted to subterfuge," I cried hotly. "She has told him you were ill—"

"I think so," she broke in wearily. "Oh, why did she do it? She has so many lovers and I—" She raised her head proudly. "But still I know Paul cares. He cares only for me. When they return I shall face Fleta. I shall tell her she cannot win him from me. Oh, here they are now! I hear the sleigh bells." She took my arm. "Come with me, Nellie."

Together we went down and stood waiting in the living room as they entered. And, looking at them thus, my heart sank clear to my toes. I thought I should cry out in pity for Nerissa. For I knew that her happiness had ended. For her, the roses of Arcady would bloom no more!

There was no shame-faced, repentant look on Paul Larimer's face. As he stood with his arm around Fleta, there was only in his eyes, the look of a man drunken with happiness. And as for Fleta, in her fur-trimmed cloak, standing within the circle of his arm, I knew instinctively that she was a bride! I saw it not in the white gloves, nor in the mass of pink bride's roses against her breast, but in that wonderful look that is seen on a woman's face only in the hour of her bridal.

Even as we gazed the look faded, and she melted into tears, reaching out imploring arms toward her sister.

"Forgive me, Nerissa," she sobbed, "I should not have done it,—but we couldn't help it. We—we loved each other."

Nerissa should have been an actress. I will never forget how proudly calm she stood, giving no sign by word or look of what she must be suffering. She moved quietly to the door, and spoke coldly:

"I have nothing to forgive. You have taken nothing from me that I should prize. If a man regards thus lightly his engagement, he would not be true to his marriage vows. I wish you such joy as may be yours under these conditions."

With that, she swept from the room. Splendid? It was superb. Knowing what I know about men there was to me something singularly prophetic in her words. I looked at Paul and Fleta, but they had already forgotten them. They were absorbed in each other.

So, not wishing to be *de trop*, I left the room quietly and followed Nerissa upstairs. And, just as I thought, I found her lying in a dead faint on the floor. After I had revived her I slipped out and came home. I tell you the restful little sitting room looked good to me as I entered. I leaned my head against a little Billikins on the mantel piece and cried. It was as if I had entered a shrine after witnessing a lurid melodrama.

I must say for Nerissa that she surprised even me. After that day she never referred to it again. She was apparently gay, even cheerful; but I knew that the music in her heart had ceased forever. What had happened was

"The little rift within the lute
That had made the music mute."

I assure you that I told Henry just what I thought of Paul Larimer. I will say for Henry that he was dreadfully cut up over the affair. Still he retrenched himself behind the old it-was-Eve-that-ate-the-apple argument and declared that Larimer and Fleta scored about even, that it was six of one and half a dozen of the other.

"Don't blame us men when we can't help ourselves," said he. "You ought to pity instead of censure us since we've had mormonistic principles ingrained in us ever since Biblical times. Look at that old gink, Solomon, for instance. As for me, I might have done the same, who knows? Larimer was certainly tempted. You can hardly blame the old boy."

"Not with that Eve around," I said.

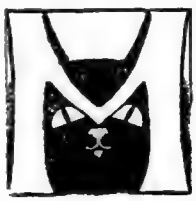
"There are other Eves," remarked Henry sententiously. "You remember I broke two engagements on your account. It's you Eves that make Don Juans of us men. O Woman," apostrophized Henry, impersonally addressing the ceiling, "put rings in your nose, blacken your front teeth, wear kilts if you must, and you still remain the most wonderful thing our blessed Lord ever made!"

As I have said before, Henry is very diplomatic. But I must admit that his argument, however biased, brings me to the point of my story.

PATRICIA IN PARTICULAR

BY MADELEINE SHARPS BUCHANAN

It is an unwritten law of salesmanship that one must not knock one's competitor. It is much better to have an ally in the finger nail department who will stop paring cuticle long enough to do one a good turn.



ISS Patricia Santon looked across the little white clad table in the manicure parlor of the Savoy Hotel straight into the eyes of the stout, eye-glassed young man opposite.

Even though there was no coquetry, only scorn, in Miss Santon's gaze, it was always disconcerting.

"Say," she drawled in her slow, sweet way, "I shouldn't think you'd sell a thing, even in a small town like Wedgely, if you go around knockin' another firm."

The eye-glassed one, known among the undesirable few who took an occasional drink with him on the expense account, as Jamison Guthrop, gracefully turned the large white hand Miss Santon held professionally in her own, and smiled wisely.

"Knockin' Clade & Law gets to be second nature with most of us," he informed her. "Tellin' the truth's no crime. As for Jerry Brent—he's such a guy as a salesman that it don't much matter what you say about him."

"Well, I don't care what Clade & Law amounts to," she said tartly, as she wiped her hands of Mr. Guthrop both figuratively and literally, "or what you drummers say about Mr. Brent. But I do know that if you knocked a rival house in my office, that house'd get the order. Not you—in ten years. Fifty cents, please."

Mr. Jamison Guthrop departed more than half in love with Patricia. Not to have been would have marked him as a distinctly different type of male from any who had looked into the black velvet of her eyes across the little table in the small town hotel. Patricia, however, resembled the ancient brook. No matter what manner of man arrived and departed, she went on forever, serenely manicuring, serenely scornful.

Now, as Mr. Guthrop took himself off, after a faint-hearted and futile attempt to engage Patricia for an hour or so when her only weapons would be her eyes and tongue, the girl rose and wandered to the little window that looked out on the main street and straight into the plate glass front of the Travelers' Club, where, for the last three weeks, the agent of the big tobacco house of Nickleheimer & Company, had made his temporary home.

The agent sat now in converse with Jerry Brent in the largest window. Patricia could see the boyish head of the enthusiastic young salesman bent close to the other man's, and she put up one delicate little hand to her throat and lifted pathetic dark eyes to the cretonne ruffle which topped her little window.

"Oh, my goodness, I do hope that boy gets the order!" she breathed, and though Patricia's words were commonplace the tone was a prayer.

When Jerry Brent came breezing in, however, she was industriously embroidering large red poppies on a yellow linen square.

"Pat," said Jerry Brent with the freedom of one who came often, "I think perhaps I'll get that order."

"Will it mean much—if you do?" she asked gravely, giving an impudent looking poppy a black eye.

"Mean much! Just about all my future." Jerry sat down beside her. "'If you get that order, boy, from Nickleheimer & Company,' my boss said to me, 'you can have the middle west. You can't get the order, of course—we don't expect you to,

but we'll give you the chance.' Gosh—that was what made me take the midnight train down here instead of the seven A. M."

Patricia regarded him dreamily.

"Guthrop was just in here," she said. "He certainly don't care what he says about Clade & Law, or—you, Jerry."

"No," grinned Brent, "and the more he talks the faster he dies. You don't—like him, do you, Pat?"

Patricia laughed sweetly and bit off a scarlet thread.

"Say!" She curled a lip that was edged with contempt. "Every time I do his hands I feel like cuttin' off every one of his fat white fingers! That's an awful nature for a manicure to have, now, ain't it, Jerry?"

"You'd better cut 'em off before they get on my contract," said Jerry. "Say, Pat, you know Eldridge, don't you?"

"The Nickleheimer agent? Sure," Patricia's eyes twinkled, "when I see him."

Jerry laughed. "He's awfully gone on you. Asked me why you were so distant. Said you were always too busy to do his hands. Said that's the trouble with women being in business—the world might fall, but they'd be a woman to the finish."

Patricia smiled dryly.

"You've got a sister, haven't you, Jerry?"

"Sure—two of 'em."

"Well, would you want them to be anything but distant with Mr. Neukom Eldridge?"

"Nix. He's a shark in business and straight as they come; they say his word's made of iron. But socially—he'd let anything feminine of mine alone. Ab-so-lutely a-lone."

Patricia smiled at his youthful vehemence. Though but twenty-four herself, two years younger than the boy before her, she felt suddenly like his mother.

"If I ever held Neukom Eldridge's fingers," she nodded, "that impulse would win out. I just don't dare."

Jerry sighed. "Well, he's got my future in his fingers all right," he said wearily. "Come along, Pat, let's go out and get some dinner."

Patricia had never refused Jerry Brent, and he knew he was the only traveling man from whom she would accept attentions. To-night as they left the vaudeville house, Jamison Guthrop and the Nickleheimer agent strolled out in front of them, and they were both laughing in a friendly way that made Jerry clench his teeth.

"If that fat white lump gets that order for his firm I'll come near killing him," he grated to Patricia as they climbed into a trolley. "Do you know what it means when I say I wouldn't mind being beaten by some men, but to be beaten by him would be more than I could stand?"

Patricia nodded solemnly and looked down at the little hands in her serge lap.

"Sure," she said. "He's got an aura like a bunch of red flags and six gatling guns. When he says good morning to me I want to throw my table at his head. Sure, I know what you mean."

"If he gets that order—" Jerry Brent became darkly silent as the trolley sped along the moonlit Wedgely streets; and Patricia was silent, too; only now and then she glanced sidewise at her companion and gradually her lovely, mutinous mouth hardened and grew set and firm with the birth of some secret resolution.

The next day at noon when Jerry Brent entered Patricia's little parlor he encountered the "fat white lump" coming crestfallenly forth.

"She ain't there," he informed Mr. Brent with a faint grin. "She's out to lunch with Eldridge. Gosh, ain't all the girls alike, though! I used to think some of 'em were different, and Patricia in particular, but holy—holy smoke—they ain't.

"Only yesterday she was sayin' she wouldn't be seen with Eldridge and here to-day she's lettin' him buy her lunch. Say—when the wind's blowin' all ways at once there ain't no use a fellow tryin' to keep his hat on."

Whereupon Mr. Jamison Guthrop departed hastily, no doubt detecting in Jerry Brent's angry eye the desire to assist that departure with the sole of his foot.

And Jerry Brent stood still and regarded the little white table, the array of little deadly instruments and the poppy cushion

top flung carelessly in the wicker chair.

Jerry Brent was conscious of a sharp amazement and a dull, throbbing anger. He, too, had thought Patricia Santon, in particular, was different! It seemed not. For a moment he even forgot the all-important order for his firm and remembered only Patricia's scornful words of the day before concerning the Nickleheimer agent.

"Turn back the universe and give me yesterday—" entreated a discordant hurdy-gurdy out on Main Street.

Jerry Brent flung angrily out of the little parlor.

A hurdy-gurdy may be discordant and it may play tunes that we whistled in our childhood, but it is the sure harbinger of spring, and it brings ever a nameless longing and a sweet discontent. It got on Jerry's nerves and he went to his room, closed both windows and wrote to his mother. Until that enlightening encounter with the "fat white lump," Jerry Brent had always been too busy to realize he loved Patricia Santon. But the "fat white lump" and the cracked hurdy-gurdy had done their work. The order ranked next to Patricia now,—and she had disappointed him.

Meanwhile Patricia looked sweetly across another little white table into another man's eyes, and now and then the concealing lashes veiled her own, which was well, for they were the eyes that belonged to the manicure table, where they were trained to keep men at their distance, and not at all to a sociable luncheon with an amiable friend.

But Eldridge didn't know much about Patricia up to that moment, except the back of her head and a tip tilted nose. He knew many women, but that is a school one never graduates from.

The luncheon had come about in a perfectly normal manner. Eldridge had simply wandered into Patricia's little parlor, probably in response to the charming good morning she had accorded him as she passed the Travelers' Club, had made one of his usually unavailing attempts and been taken up on the proposition immediately.

Hence this small table at Lemmert's.

Lemmert's was the only real cafe the small town boasted; it was exclusive and entirely all right. Wedgely's best went there, but scarcely with the paying frequency of a city's attendance. Therefore Lemmert charged extortionate prices; a ham sandwich was a luxury, and a lobster salad a headlong plunge into reckless extravagance.

All of which Patricia apparently did not know. This was strange, for Patricia had been born in Wedgely.

Mr. Neukom Eldridge's eyes protruded slightly as he scanned the bill presented him while Miss Santon dipped her slim fingers in the silver bowl with its saucy little petticoat of fluted paper. Then he dug resignedly into his pocket.

Just how Jamison Guthrop's name had come into the conversation cannot be said; but Miss Santon showed an interest in the "fat white lump" that vaguely stirred the fires of resentment in the breast of the Nickleheimer agent.

She even dropped those wonderful lashes and blushed faintly. The blush had not the remotest connection with Mr. Jamison Guthrop of the firm of Rogers, Ripley & Rhawn. But Mr. Eldridge, watching, credited Mr. Guthrop as the cause, and grew faintly irate.

"He's a mutt at selling." He frowned over a cigarette. "A mutt."

Patricia looked vaguely alarmed.

"Oh, do you think so?" she asked anxiously. "I've always—always admired him so."

"Guthrop? Can't hold a candle to young Jerry Brent. Guthrop's always knockin' Clade & Law, and Brent in particular. That's not business; it's plain idiocy. Especially when a big order like ours is hanging in the balance."

"Oh, yes—the order." Patricia looked into Mr. Eldridge's eyes with evident anxiety. "I'm sure Mr. Guthrop doesn't mean to knock anyone. He seems such a—such a gentleman."

Mr. Eldridge, gazing upon Patricia's dark loveliness, called before his mind's eye the possibilities of the "fat lump," mental and physical, and gave it up.

It is possible, however, that the Nickle-

heimer order was decided in that moment. At any rate, it was further from Mr. Jamison Guthrop than it had ever been before.

He paused upon the very step of the Savoy Hotel and pressed the small hand Patricia had, for once, unprofessionally extended to another than Jerry Brent.

"To-night," he was saying eagerly, "I had a date with Guthrop; but if you'll go out in the car with me for a little supper in the country I'll cut it with joy. Come along, Miss Santon—it's spring!"

Patricia looked sweetly at him over their clasped hands. About the last thing she desired to do upon this earth was to ride over it in a car with Mr. Neukom Eldridge.

"Oh, but, if my going will hurt Mr. Guthrop's chances for the order—" She drew back with prim alarm.

Mr. Guthrop's chances grew immediately and decidedly slimmer.

"Not a bit," assured Eldridge. "Only come along and we'll have a nice little spin. Can't I come over for you at seven?"

"Yes—I'll call up mother," Patricia consented graciously. "And it won't hurt Mr. Guthrop if I let you break that date?"

"Not a bit."

When Eldridge reached The Travelers' he glanced over at the Savoy entrance. Patricia was still standing on the step in the warm May sunshine but she was dreamily looking down the street to where the cracked hurdy-gurdy was still playing, "Turn back the universe and give me yesterday!"

"I can't go with you to-night, Jerry," she was telling the hurt young man who sat in her parlor an hour later. "I'm going for a ride with Mr. Neukom Eldridge."

Jerry rose and paced excitedly about the little room.

"I can't understand you, Pat. Lunching and dining with that—that—when only yesterday you said he wasn't fit to be seen with—socially. You said— Well, I can't understand you."

Patricia carefully rearranged the small gleaming weapons on her tiny table. She longed to get up and pull Jerry's rumpled young head on her breast and smooth it internally and externally. But she only pursed her sweet lips.

"Let me alone, Jerry, until to-morrow," was all she would say. "Maybe I can explain then."

But he only flung out of the Savoy in a boyish rage.

It was quite by accident that when Mr. Neukom Eldridge stopped the roadster before the Savoy entrance that evening at seven, Patricia Santon was standing on the step with Jamison Guthrop. Eldridge called to Mr. Guthrop curtly.

"Sorry about our date—but some other time."

Mr. Guthrop's manner was quite sincere, no matter what Patricia's Santon's was.

"A business date is a business date—with *me*, Eldridge, but everybody ain't alike." And he walked angrily away.

It is possible that Miss Patricia's grateful thoughts followed him for a block or so.

"Surly guy," remarked Eldridge as the roadster bowled through surburban Wedgely toward the country beyond.

Eldridge glanced at her with a frown.

"Like him, don't you?"

"I? Certainly not! Not more than anyone else!" Patricia colored angrily and for once spoke the truth.

Eldridge, however, saw only a natural feminine denial, and waxed inwardly hot against Mr. Jamison Guthrop and incidentally the well established firm of Rogers, Ripley & Rhawn.

Several miles outside Wedgely there comfortably exists the Log Cabin Inn. A circular drive sweeps around before its circular porch; in the summer the lawns are dotted with small tables; in the winter the porch is enclosed and lighted alluringly with pink and green tulips, miraculously inverted, and of prodigious size.

Four negroes dispense soul-stirring and sole-stirring music from banjoes and mandolins and one merry old piano that has evidently seen its day and is retained merely for its long and faithful service.

In the summer, automobiles line the drive and the edge of the lawn; in winter, the sheds are frequently almost full.

The prices at the Log Cabin Inn are equal to the prices at Lemmert's. Thus one may see that Patricia's fastidious appetite at luncheon had not daunted Mr. Neukom Eldridge, since it was at the Log Cabin Inn they dined, sitting under a pink tulip near the inspiring negro musicians on the enclosed porch.

Patricia wore a delicate pink waist of Georgette crepe, a band of tiny pearls close around her slim soft throat, a saucy little black straw hat with a fuzzy green thing like a young fir tree sticking up in its exact front, and the smile that was meant to charm, and that, like Time and death, had never failed to "arrive."

One would never have guessed as Patricia leaned sociably over the table, using that smile, that her thoughts were mostly with Jerry Brent and even now and then at home with her mother and her cat.

As they reached the salad course, having eaten through three elaborate previous ones, Eldridge was becoming a bit more than Patricia cared to manage. And she hadn't fixed that order yet.

Jerry Brent's words came back to her as she cut into a little fat tomato—"Eldridge is a shark in business and straight as they come. They say his word's made of iron."

"I am sorry," said Patricia slowly, "that you don't like Mr. Guthrop."

"Oh, I'm not saying too much about him," grinned the Nickleheimer agent in a way that spelled Mr. Guthrop's finish with Nickleheimer & Company. "Can't always air your views so free. In your presence, Miss Santon, they might get a chill. But, come now, speaking of a little spin after dinner—"

Patricia looked up. Lem Collins and Jimmie Baxter were coming slowly around the porch. They recognized Patricia with a dramatic start; and as Eldridge bent over to light a cigarette at the little bronze burner on the side of the table she beckoned to them, eagerly and with a desperation which made them approach prepared to hurl the stout man in the brown suit through the glass wall into the road.

But Patricia greeted them with evident surprise.

"Why, hello—Lem—Jimmy!" She put out a cordial hand, while Eldridge stared, none too pleased. "Where did you come from? Mr. Eldridge—do you know Mr. Collins? Mr. Baxter?

"Do join us—I'm afraid I was boring Mr. Eldridge awfully and he's just bought me such a wonderful dinner, too!"

Lem Collins and Jimmy Baxter knew Patricia; Eldridge didn't. They sat down and ordered a meal.

And Patricia went on with the business of being pleasant, while Eldridge's brow grew momently darker.

Was it possible this little town miss was putting one over on him? *Trying to?* Wanted that big order for Jamison Guthrop, that was plain, and had grown suddenly sweet to him, Eldridge, to get him to give it to Guthrop.

Why, it would *make* Guthrop! They'd probably get married on the strength of it. Not with his help, they wouldn't! He wasn't born yesterday.

And then—Patricia's small hand lay on his arm; her soft eyes looked appealingly into his.

"Mr. Eldridge," she whispered, "will you do something to please me? Will you let Mr. Guthrop have that order of Nickleheimer's? He worked so—"

Eldridge's small eyes harened as they looked into hers.

"Nix," he said curtly. "You're a very clever young woman but not quite smart enough. You've queered Jamison Guthrop and Rogers, Ripley & Rhawn forever on that order.

"I made up my mind this morning that we want to do business with people like Clade & Law, and that means Jerry Brent."

Patricia drew back apparently plunged into the depths of gloom by this barbarous decision of the great man.

"I don't understand you," she murmured.

"After George W.'s fight and victory, Lem," Jimmy Baxter was saying hotly, "we hadn't ought to take nothin' from nobody, never."

"Hire a hall!" Mr. Collins was suggesting jocularly. "What's your opinion of this war question, Mr. Eldridge?"

Mr. Eldridge appeared to be in exactly the mood to discuss any sort of war, and under cover of his vehement views Patricia wrote across the blank back of the menu card:

"If you don't care for my poor Jamison, what's your opinion of Jerry Brent?" and signed it with a businesslike flourish—"Santon."

Mr. Eldridge looked down as the card touched his knee, and as Patricia immediately engaged the attention of Collins and Baxter, and engaging attention was Patricia's strongest point, he permitted a grim smile to grow upon his lips.

Still harping on Guthrop! Well, he'd let her see the game was done. And right poorly she had played it, too. A child would have seen through it. So he wrote on the bottom of the card with a vicious pleasure:

"I consider Jerry Brent the cleverest young salesman I ever had dealings with. I'm going to give him that order with a lot of pleasure. *He never knocks a rival.*"

And in sarcastic mockery of her businesslike style he signed the few words with a flourish—"Eldridge."

Which was all Patricia wanted.

Whereupon, having read it, elevated her lovely brows and put the card carelessly into her bag, she rose when Messrs. Collins and Baxter did and reached for her coat.

"Mr. Eldridge has to wait for some friends, boys," she told them easily, "but I'll go back with you—if you don't mind."

"Sure—come on—got the Ford," they assured her; and Eldridge rose and returned very stiffly Patricia's scornful little bow.

As she passed down the porch between Lem Collins and Jimmy Baxter, Mr. Neukom Eldridge of Nickleheimer & Company permitted himself a sardonic laugh and reached for another cigarette.

"Sore!" he chuckled. "Sore as blazes! Well, she must have taken me for an infant. Guthrop couldn't have that order now if he crawled clear down Main Street for it!"

Very early the next morning Jerry Brent bolted into the pretty manicure parlor in the basement of the Savoy Hotel. Miss Patricia Santon, working on a crimson poppy's very black eye, looked up and blushed.

"Hello, Jerry!" she said pleasantly, but Mr. Brent possessed himself of her busy fingers with a percipitancy that hurled the long suffering cushion-top to the floor.

"Pat—you little trump—you little queen!" he cried excitedly, "I've got that big order of Nickleheimer's! Got it cinched this morning. Just wired to the firm. *You* did it, you little brick, and I couldn't see through—"

"Oh, Jerry, I'm so glad!" she breathed, caressing the fingers that held hers.

"Met Guthrop, the fat white lump, comin' out of The Travelers'," Jerry rushed on. "Looked lumpier than ever. Thanks to you, Pat, I—"

"How do you know it is thanks to me?"

"Aw, Eldridge told me. He's laughin' at you. Thinks he's beat you at your own game. He says women all think they're Delilahs, but Patricia Santon in particular! And, Pat, say—first, will you forgive me?"

"Sure, Jerry, you didn't understand."

"Then—you'll marry me some day, Patricia?"

"On one condition," Patricia smiled again, happily, and brought out a menu card from her embroidery bag.

"What is it? You know, dearest, I'll do—"

"That you'll let me show this to Clade & Law."

And as Patricia put up one arm about Jerry Brent's neck she held before his wondering eyes a torn bit of menu card on which he read simply:

"I consider Jerry Brent the cleverest young salesman I ever had dealings with. I'm going to give him that order with a lot of pleasure. *He never knocks a rival.*

Eldridge."

Exactly one month later as Mr. Neukom Eldridge of Nickleheimer & Company opened his morning mail in his sumptuous office in St. Louis, a beautifully engraved wedding announcement revealed itself to his astonished gaze.

"Well, I'll be—blanked," said Mr. Neukom Eldridge, as he read the names of the principals, beneath which were the words "Thank you," written in ink.

(*Continued from page 2*)

The probabilities of character re-action, under the circumstances alleged, are debatable. It seems contrary to human nature for a man to act as Airy did, with a bag of gold in his possession. If he had been left to his own impulses in disposing of the gold, he probably would have exchanged it for whiskey; but the author's intention is to create pathos and, in so doing, he brings to light the whimsical ideas of a doomed man who has nothing to do but brood over his past sins and avoid moving about too much. The old sea rover with his bag of gold is the voice crying in the wilderness. He circumvents Peter and Paul, the stolid materialists, and sends Airy Binns out among men to give in abundance to whoever shall be willing to receive. Airy never would have thought of this; but the other's views are impressed upon him, a circumstance altogether probable, when one considers that Airy happens to be sober at the time. Sobriety must have been to him the same unnatural, impressionable state that drunkenness is to the average man. In the cold and sleet, Airy Binns goes forth, a pilgrim burdened with good works. Bells call him. The pointing finger of a steeple shows him the star above the manger, and to his befogged brain comes a hint of the meaning of his journey. To the woman he meets, he offers his treasure and is stoned. It is at last in the heart of a child that he finds the faith which gives and fears not for the result; and thus he finds his peace, receiving the gift of the Jews (a piece of silver from a church step) and willingly sacrificing his gold. The child is an odd little sprite, worthy heroine for the tottering old hero. The canny worldliness and naive faith that characterize the three wretched bits of humanity form a harmony of dissonances which only an artist can conceive; and the symbolism is of a depth not often found in so short a story.

Home Town Homage is a satire upon the fickleness of hero worship. It delineates the American spirit well, and lays bare the egotism of the student and the largesse of the athlete. Doctor Maltby is a queer mixture of scientific worth and narrow, praise-loving personality. In such a person the consciousness of merit is not sufficient encouragement; he craves public approval in visible and audible form, and is unhappy if he doesn't get it. This trait is not egotism so much as lack of self-sufficiency; and the unfortunate possessor of such a disposition is not only miserable most of the time, but, because he needs the stimulation of applause while climbing, he fails to attain the highest point to which his ability entitles him. The surprise in the estimate of the characters is that one who would be expected to show the most egotism is the most unassuming of all. In fact it may be said that Mike Flynn is the only one to maintain any poise and dignity. Mike simply takes the gifts as the gods provide them, or rather force them on him, and makes no display about it. The scene on the train on the way to Springville is very much to the credit of the hero of the World's Series in that he does not expatiate upon the ovation that is being prepared for him by the old home town, but wisely waits to let that drift through the doctor's enlarged head when they reach their goal. It is the better part of wisdom to claim ovations after they are over. The girl is natural and true to type; while the public at large follows the natural tendency of the public at large to appreciate more readily physical accomplishments for its amusement than scientific accomplishments for its everlasting good. The hospital scene could be omitted with credit to the story as a whole. It is hard to imagine a group of physicians so *non compos mentis* that they fail to recognize a dislocation. It is true that the author's purpose is to make the scene ridiculous, but he neglects to inform the reader that his other characters are not endowed with at least ordinary intelligence. As a satire on the glorification of athletes over those whose accomplishments are more worth-while, the story is well conceived. Doctor Maltby's decision to go to a country where baseball is not played is in perfect harmony.

The Law of Salvage doubly exemplifies the fact that youth will ever be served. The plot material is not new, for lovers have ever been forced to overcome, or defy, or outwit parental obstinacy. Fortunately, for the author's sake, the devices that young lovers can use are of endless variety; and in this instance, the reader feels justified in jeering at the defeated old man, whose cupidity and unscrupulousness are factors in his downfall. The obstinate parent is a Cappy Ricks in action, without that snappy little man's goodness of heart. The author writes his story with a sureness of touch that is admirable. He knows all about the ballast, the winds, the tides, the licenses and the latitudes. The chief technical defect is that the climax, after being well worked up, is held too long. As in all BLACK CAT love stories, the love element is an inciting motive, which, by the way, is better use for it than love for its own sweet, insipid sake.

The Second Obedience presents Indian superstition, Oriental cunning, Occidental

(*Continued from page* 43)

logic, and inter-racial love, all woven into an interesting story by the hand of one intimate with the peoples and geography of which he writes. The story appeals mainly because of the unusual setting, but it is a hard one to read and keep every connection. The fragment, "She poured him a cup of tea, handed the rice cakes," is set in a group of expressed thoughts that is clear and delicate word portraiture; while the devil fish, pelican, and mandarin ducks form a background highly satisfactory to the lively American taste for a suggestion of Oriental atmosphere. The solution of San Chih's problem is a happy one, sacrificing nothing of the romantic situation, yet avoiding our national reluctance to countenance inter-marriage with the yellow race.

Lanfranc lacks the necessary suspense to justify its being considered as a well plotted short story. There is a cocksureness about the title character that conveys to the reader the outcome of the affair. When this is augmented by the tale he tells Officer Mack about the girl, the denouement is certain. Lanfranc's reversal of the custom of cutting notches on the butt of a pistol is noteworthy and serves the purpose of convincing the officer of his truthfulness. One may be impressed with the justice of Lanfranc's cause in this particular case, but there is ground for the suspicion that men of his type shoot for the love of shooting and not from any high moral purpose.

The Prince of Price Cutters is a business romance in which the minute attention given to business detail gives the story a definite sense of reality. The interest is maintained up to the climax, after which the story flattens out through the weakness and conventionality of the denouement. Business men may carry their wives pictures around with them, but it is stretching it bit to have the photographer's name on the back of a locket-size picture. The story is therefore partly a good business story and partly a poor detective yarn. If there could have been some further twist or turn, it might have developed into a capital tale; but as it is, it leaves the reader short of satisfied, gasping for breath after such a long chase for such a lean sparrow.

If one is to be a true judge of literature counterpoint, it is just as essential to have a cultivated sensitiveness to discord as an appreciation of harmony. It is as difficult to express clearly discriminating dissatisfaction with *The Bread Upon the Waters* as it is to say why consecutive fifths are musically discordant. The assets of the author are clear cut characterization, colorful word painting, and proportional and well structured plot development. The sparkle of irony relieves the sordidness of the whole motif, but it is somewhat like making a comedy of Hamlet or trying to get a laugh by exhibiting Richard Third's hump. In treatment it is Poe without his gigantic terrorism; the end is O. Henry without his heart. One shudders at the egregious selfishness, cruelty and insincerity of the principal characters and sighs for a bit of human kindliness.

The sixteenth contest comprises the stories in this issue, (March); and all lists must be received at the office of the BLACK CAT, Salem, Mass., before April 1st. Prizes will be awarded April 10th; and the result of the contest will be announced in the June BLACK CAT; issued May 15th.

A PRIZE of $25 will be awarded to the author of the story which is selected as the best story of the month by the largest number of club members.

A PRIZE of $10 will be awarded to the member sending in the best criticism.

A PRIZE of $5 will be awarded to the member sending in the next best criticism.

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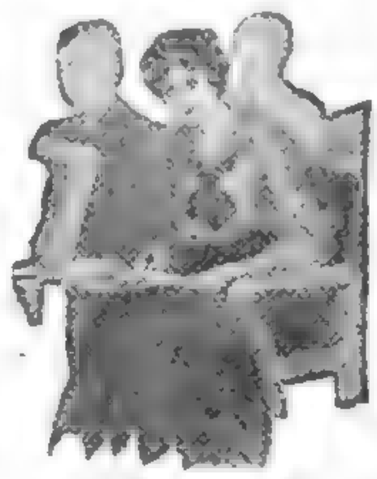

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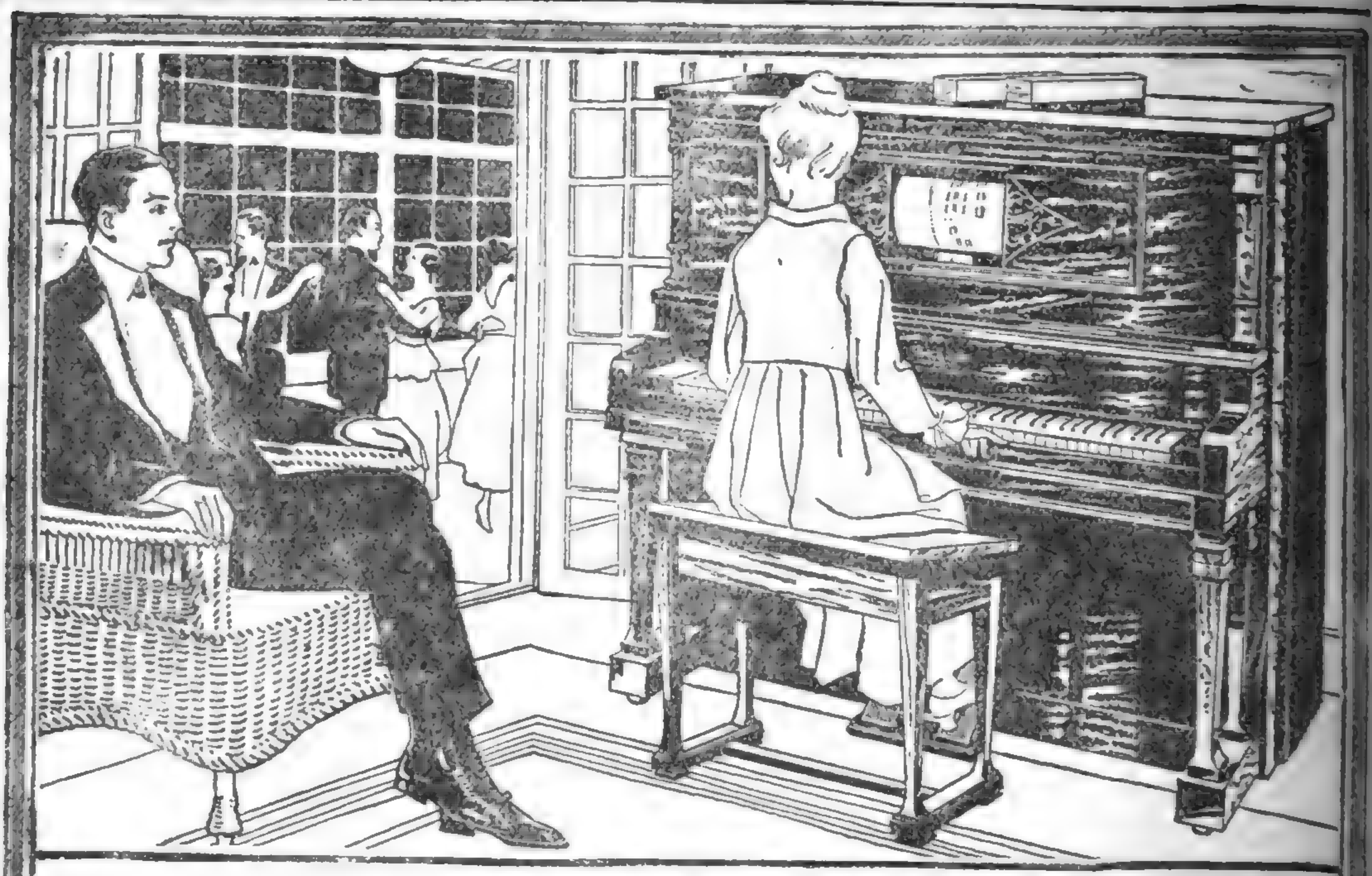

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This measure is a tax gathering contrivance. *It is a tax upon ideas*—upon that spreading of ideas which hold us together and inspire us as a nation.

The Post Office was never designed as a tax-gathering contrivance; it was basically designed to give service to the people—*to all the people at the same rate.* The Post Office should not be perverted from its noble purpose.

Any such method of taxation is not necessary in order to tax the publishers' profits. The publishers are not trying to evade taxation. They will gladly accept any rate of tax upon their profits that may be levied. Most of them have gone on record as being willing to turn over to the Government their *entire net profits* for the period of the war.

This measure, through its "zone" system, will have the following disastrous consequences:

1. *It will destroy a large part of the periodicals of the country. You will lose the magazines that have kept you informed on your country's problems, that have helped you in your work. Your children will lose the clean publications that have entertained and helped educate them. And eventually such magazines as do survive will have to pass their unnecessary increase in cost on to you in case you live at a distance from any publishing center. It amounts to this: You are fined because your occupation or your preference prevents your living in New York.*

2. *Infinitely more serious, this "zone" system will result in dividing the country into sections, each developing its sectional ideas. The nation will be split into an East, a Middle West, a Pacifice Coast, a South, a South-West. And this split will be made in the world's greatest crisis, when we should be striving for union rather than disunion—when North should be bound to South and East bound to West by the constant flow of ideas—National Ideas.*

This is the time of all times when America must be united America—one nation strong with the strength of unity.

Let your influence be used to that end.

The Authors' League of America, Inc.

REX BEACH, President

Executive Committee

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